PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH
FEB 1 1945

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXIX. No. 725. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1945 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 17
THE STATE OF THE UNION 19
WHERE WE GET STUCK 19
NORTH CHINA FRONT 20
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 21
THIS ENGLAND 21
FRONTIERS AND MIGRANTS. By H. N. Brailsford 22
ROMAIN ROLLAND. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 23
RADIO NOTES. By Edward Sackville West . 23
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 23
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . . 24
CHARTERS. By Sagittarius 24
CORRESPONDENCE 24
From Arthur D. Clegg; Humphrey Baker; W. P. Baker; Herbert G. Wood; Peter Evans; Michael Padev; Prof. J. T. Randall; Crawford Miller; Douglas Goldring; M. M. Royle.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . Page 27
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Henry Reed . . . 27
Max Plowman. By Kingsley Martin . . 28
Four Poets. By Stephen Spender . . 30
Thurber's Appalling World. By G. W. Stonier 30
WEEK-END COMPETITION 30

TRUCE OR SETTLEMENT?

THE news from Greece, as we go to press, entitles us to hope that the "Cease Fire" will be found before long. It is too soon to judge whether the truce, if it is arranged, will be followed by a constructive settlement. All that is clear so far is that British troops have cleared Attica of E.L.A.S. forces, that General Plastiras has made a statement of policy designed, on the face of it, to reassure moderate opinion, and that E.A.M. (in whose ranks divisions are now reported) has despatched three plenipotentiaries empowered to accept or reject, on behalf of the E.A.M. Executive, General Scobie's armistice terms, not yet published.

If a settlement is reached, are we justified in assuming that it will conform to the assurances which Mr. Eden gave Parliament before the recess with regard to British aims in Greece? We should seek, he said, the establishment of "a Greek Government broadly representative of all opinion in Greece, including E.A.M.; we should discountenance "any reprisals by one side or the other after this event is over"; and we should not ask for the disarmament, "otherwise than by agreement," of E.L.A.S. forces outside the Athens area.

The events following the Christmas conference in Athens cast grave doubts on the validity of these assurances. First, M. Papandreou, the shadowy puppet of Mr. Leeper's original choosing, tendered his resignation to the Archbishop-Regent. He was succeeded by General Plastiras, who had already declared that the Greek situation could only be cleared up by force, and who proceeded to form a Cabinet in which a monarchist was made Minister of the Interior, and from which E.A.M. was completely excluded. Announcing his intention to restore "law and order" and to secure the liquidation of E.L.A.S. forces throughout Greece, the General stated significantly that he proposed not to have a plebiscite on the straight issue of the monarchy, but to procure the election—with no hint of supervision—of a Constituent Assembly whose task it would be to frame a new constitution for Hellas.

Absence of a conciliatory spirit was further emphasised, first by General Scobie's announcement that his original truce terms no longer held good, and, secondly, by the statement of the Greek Chief of Police to newspapermen, that warrants were out for the arrest of every rebel leader—a statement suddenly disavowed next day by the Greek Minister of Information. This disavowal, attributable (we assume) to Mr. Macmillan's influence, was followed by a statement from General Plastiras which modified sharply, both in form and content, his initial attitude.

The General now expresses his willingness to have the elections watched over by Allied observers. He declares that there will be no general "proscription" of his opponents, though there will be punishment for all who have committed "crimes against the common law." He promises a drastic purge of collaborators, a complete reform of the police and gendarmerie, and the establishment of a "national army." From it, all "volunteer organisations" will be excluded.

Intended obviously to reassure the Popular Democrats (E.L.D.) and the Agrarians, and to widen, if possible, the split between the Communists and other groups, this statement is not without its ambiguities. Does General Plastiras reckon as "volunteers" the Royalist Mountain Brigade and Sacred Battalion and the semi-Fascist National Guard which he has been recruiting? Does he propose to incorporate in the army the forces of General Zervas now withdrawn under British protection to Corfu? Will he hold that "crimes against the common law" include "rebellion" by E.L.A.S. against his authority? How genuine will be the purge of Fascist elements from the police and gendarmerie, who so loyally served the Germans? Has he, even now, any intention of forming, with E.A.M. participation, the "broadly representative" Government which Mr. Eden promised us would be established in the interregnum pending the elections? Is the date of the elections near or remote? Above all, can we be certain—or, more precisely, can E.A.M. have any assurance that the General will abide by the result of the elections, if he does not like it?

All turns, in fact, on the sincerity of General Plastiras and on the real intentions of Mr. Churchill, who, in effect, chose him as Prime Minister, and has given him the British troops without whose backing he would be powerless. We should be happier if we could forget that, in 1933, when elections went against his (the Venizelist) Party, he refused to accept their validity, denounced Parliamentary government, and tried, abortively as it happened, to make himself military dictator.

Two Battles

It is too soon yet to begin to draw up a balance sheet of the two battles now raging in Hungary and Belgium. Round Budapest both sides are staking heavily. In an attempt to relieve the garrison encircled in the city, the Germans have launched from Komarom, south of the Danube, a formidable counter-attack against Marshal Tolbukhin's forces holding the high ground between Esztergom and Lake Balaton. The Russian reaction has been to intensify their efforts to clear Budapest, street by street, and to strike westwards at Komarom along the Danube's northern bank. In the Ardennes a new phase of the struggle began on January 3rd, when the Allies—regrouped and (one may infer) with reserves now suitably disposed—began gradually, in a succession of snowstorms, to eat into von Rundstedt's salient. Defending obstinately his gains of territory, the enemy now appears to be trying to relieve Allied pressure by diversionary attacks aimed at Strasbourg. From the point of view of the future long-term conduct of the war, it is agreeable to note that the news that the temporary transfer of the First and Ninth U.S. armies to Field-Marshal Montgomery's command has been well received by the press and public in the United States. In a press conference on Tuesday General Bradley (who, perhaps unwisely, committed himself to the statement that in leaving the Ardennes front deliberately "thin" he had taken a "calculated risk") emphasised rather sharply that all American divisions in the central sector would, as soon as possible, revert to the command of his Army Group. Possibly he felt that this assurance would forestall criticism in America of the idea of American troops serving under British command in a battle in which U.S. divisions have so far borne the brunt. Actually it appears to have been recognised, even by the

fanatically hostile *Chicago Tribune*, that when the Allied line was broken the redisposition of commands became tactically imperative through considerations of geography and communications.

Relief and Yugoslavia

It looks as if Subasic and the rest of the Yugoslav Government may have to return to their native country, while King Peter remains here, arguing about a Regency. They are returning to a country which is still fighting the Germans and still suffering the most appalling privations. Latest news about the UNRRA hold-up, which was recently discussed in these columns, confirms earlier reports that there have been complaints of discrimination on Tito's part in the distribution of relief. Tito's policy seems to be that in the present appalling shortage someone has to go hungry and that the first people to get the food must be those who are fighting and not, for instance, Italian prisoners. The way to relieve the situation would be to allow more food and more transport to reach Yugoslavia. There is urgent need of 40,000 tons of grain, in spite of the consignment that reached Yugoslavia from Russia. There is, however, a considerable supply of food in northern Yugoslavia; it is not being used at present simply because there is in the whole country practically no transport of any sort at all. Not long ago the Yugoslavs managed to reconstruct 40 lorries from bits and pieces from dumps of long-discarded British and American cars. They ask for 5,000 lorries, which would enable them to begin to feed their country, and say that this is a small demand in view of the hundreds of thousands of lorries used in North Africa and elsewhere. The argument that shipping is not available to take the lorries or the wheat is, as always with shipping, another way of saying that feeding Yugoslavia is not considered a high priority. Most galling of all to the Tito Government is the refusal of the Allies to release the ships which are actually Yugoslav property and which are now used to carry timber slowly across the Atlantic from Canada to Britain, when a single journey could bring large supplies of immediate necessities which have actually been both bought and paid for in Canada with Yugoslav money.

Italian Landscape

The news is good, as far as it goes, that some initiative will at last be allowed to the Italian press in the matter of news-getting. Hitherto it might print only such news as was served out to it by the information service of the Allied Control. A co-operative agency set up by the Roman papers jointly will now be allowed to gather and distribute news. Were there any good news to publish this would be a matter for congratulation. But the only picture of the state of Italy, based on several sources, both Allied and Italian, that we can form is almost uniformly sombre. The towns, but more especially Rome, are still half-starved. The chief need is not so much for imported food as for trucks. The methodical destruction by the Germans of the power stations put the electrified railways out of action, as well as such industries as Central and Southern Italy possess. The unemployed are, therefore, a hopeless and numerous host, while the food crisis is desperate, chiefly because the stocks that do exist in the villages cannot be transported. Amid this economic misery the masses, more interested in bread and work than in politics, see little improvement in their lot as compared with life under the Germans. The more virile part of the population is dejected, because it is allowed neither to fight nor to organise civilian life. So soon as a new district is "liberated," the partisan forces which helped our troops are politely thanked but very firmly disarmed and disbanded. As for the nominal Government under Signor Bonomi, its authority is shadowy. It drew up a list of 57 prefects, who ought in its opinion to be removed, because of their record under Fascism: up to date only three of them have been dismissed. The administrative machine remains, therefore, from the prefects down to the Carabinière, pretty solidly Fascist and Royalist. The most urgent question is whether the Allied Control will allow the Government to hold municipal elections in the spring.

Man-power Problems

Both in the United States and in Great Britain the course of military events has caused a marked change of plans on the industrial front. In this country Mr. Dalton's plans for beginning a switch-over to civilian production for the home market and for export have had to be deferred. Fresh war contracts are being placed with factories which were expected to be released for re-conversion to their normal uses; and the new regional officers of the Board of Trade will for the time being have much less to do than was expected when they were appointed only a little while ago. In the United States the military setback is having much larger repercussions. American man-power has never undergone any process of mobilisation comparable with what has occurred in this country; and there has even been no compulsion to undertake or to remain in war work. The obligation to remain is now to be enforced by the sanction of call-up papers for those who leave essential jobs—with the warning that the call-up will be extended to men of relatively low medical categories, who will be put to work in the Forces at home or behind the fighting lines. The decision to furnish equipment for a new French Army, as well as the necessity of sending increased American forces to Europe, will of course involve a considerable stepping-up of United States war production, and this will not be carried through without some opposition. In this country, anxiety to get the war finished, at any cost, is too intense for other sentiments to be allowed to stand in the way. But we must expect civilian supplies to be shorter than ever during the next few months, not only because of the man-power situation in home industry, but also because the pressure on ocean transport will be very severe during the next few months.

Labour and Common Wealth

The committee appointed by Common Wealth to negotiate an agreement with the Labour Party has reported that it can get no further in face of the Labour Party's rejection of its overtures. We regret this breakdown, though we have no illusions either about the stability of Common Wealth as a political force or about the practical difficulties in the way of a bargain. The difficulties on the Labour side are, of course, first, that Transport House is determined to have nothing to do with the Communists and is afraid that agreement with Common Wealth would strengthen the hands of those who favour an all-in alliance of the Left; and, secondly, that local Labour Parties are not inclined to give way to Common Wealth candidates, and Trade Unions are suspicious of Common Wealth as another attempt to build up a middle-class enclave inside the Socialist ranks. The fact remains that Common Wealth, in alliance with Labour, would stand a chance of winning a number of seats, especially in dormitory areas, which Labour stands much less chance of winning alone and none at all if the Left forces are divided in the election. The question is not whether Common Wealth represents a stable new political grouping, but what weight it is capable of throwing into the next General Election, which will decide who is to rule this country during the critical post-war years. We appreciate the desire of the Labour Party to make itself, with its Co-operative Party ally, the sole representative of Britain's progressive opinion. But would a friendlier tone towards Common Wealth really stand in the way of this? Would it not be much more likely, after helping towards victory in the critical election that is coming, to bring Common Wealth inside the Labour fold and to strengthen the Labour Party with elements that it can by no means afford to do without?

Social Security

Sir William Beveridge in an article in Tuesday's *Times* makes some important comments on the Government White Paper dealing with his Plan. He argues, first, that it is illegitimate for the Government, now that it has accepted the responsibility of maintaining "a high and stable level of employment," to base the finance of Unemployment Insurance on the average level of 8½ per cent. out of work, which he had had to take from the Government actuary at a time when no such responsibility had been accepted. Secondly, he urges that, since the Government has now undertaken to introduce the new comprehensive Health Service, to grant children's allowances and to improve the all-round conditions of Social Security, it is illegitimate to assume, as the White Paper does, a rate of sickness higher than has actually existed in the past as the basis for calculating the cost of benefits laid down in the White Paper. Thirdly, he holds that it is unfair and unsound for the State, which has to meet one-third of the cost of unemployment and sickness benefits, to meet only one-sixth of the cost in the case of industrial injury. Indeed, the effect will be to impose a heavy tax on all the safe industries, and on the workers in them, to meet the cost of the dangerous occupations. This excess cost, he argues, should be met out of general taxation. Fourthly, Sir William urges that the White Paper, and in this respect his own Plan also, are unduly hard on the self-employed and on those who have no earnings. These classes are made to pay in contribution the whole of what would have been paid by the employer, had there been one: Sir William suggests that this charge should be halved between the insured person and the State. Sir William's first and second points would allow weekly contributions (on the assumption of 3 per cent. average unemployment and sickness incident as in the past) to be reduced by 1d. per week in respect of unemployment and by nearly 2d in respect of sickness in the case of adult men. Alternatively, or in part, the sums made available could be applied to raising benefits to a level better related to the probable post-war cost of living.

Changes in the Foreign Office

The Foreign Office is still a Victorian affair. It works with an old-fashioned technique and a minute staff, which even seems inadequately provided with secretaries. It is recruited from a very restricted and well-bred section of the community and has until recently kept a rigid and unreal distinction between the diplomatic and consular services. Last year Mr. Eden moved gingerly in the direction of improving the status of the consular service and widening the field of entry for diplomats. If his plans are carried out they will have some effect on the personnel in about ten years' time. Another small but important reform is now reported. We are soon to be rid of the cumbersome and indeed fantastic allocation of countries to Foreign Office Departments. The Central Department which dealt with Spain, Portugal, France, Germany, Poland and Hungary, is to be broken up. Germany is to have a department to itself. Poland and Czechoslovakia, whose problems must now be discussed with the Soviet Union, go to the Northern Department, while the Western Department is in charge of Italy, the Iberian Peninsula, France, Belgium and Holland. The burden of work will certainly be more fairly distributed. The Curzon Line will no longer divide two Departments.

A POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION to any address in the world costs: Yearly, 32*s.* 6*d.* Six months, 16*s.* 3*d.* Three months, 8*s.* 6*d.* Only overseas subscriptions accepted at present, to start as soon as copies are available.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
10, Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½*d.; Foreign,* 1*d.; Canada,* 1

THE STATE OF THE UNION

After a victory at the polls which gave him the unprecedented triumph of a fourth term, the tone of Mr. Roosevelt's Message to Congress reassures for us the shock American opinion has endured in the past two months. There was no note of elation in this sombre and defensive message. It was addressed to a nation sore and angry, not merely because one of its armies has suffered a setback with heavy casualties, but also because it realises that the war in Europe will stretch far into the New Year. The President, aware that American interest is centred in the far East, had to defend the strategy which chose to fight the Western enemy first, and had to do so at a moment when his strategical advisers are exposed to the charge that they miscalculated Japan's enemy's strength. Meanwhile, the war in Europe occasions additional heart-searchings because Americans are deeply disturbed as much by our own doings in Greece as by Russia's policy in Poland. It is significant that Mr. Roosevelt had to remind Congress in some detail of the British and Russian contributions to the common cause and had to defend the utility of the dragging campaign in Italy.

While the President met the military criticisms with argument, he was content, when he spoke of the political differences, to call for tolerance and rebuke self-righteousness. It is a fair inference that he shares with Mr. Stettinius the popular American view of British and Russian policy in Eastern Europe, for he sought to reassure Congress by affirming his own loyalty to the Atlantic Charter. The cruder vagaries of American opinion have been lashed by the *Economist* in an effective article, which would, however, have been more useful if it had differentiated between justifiable and malicious criticism. Americans who nearly ruined our relations with France may not be entitled to censure our even more deplorable performances in Greece. But it would be as unwise to dismiss lightly the disillusionment which is now darkening the American view of the political future as it would be to resent liberal American criticism which, after all, only reinforces what many people in this country share feeling about British policy.

In a grave passage the President himself traced the danger that American "perfectionism" may again destroy the world's hopes of an effective international organisation, as it did after the last war. "The retreat to isolationism a quarter of a century ago was started not by a direct attack against international co-operation, but against the alleged imperfections of the peace."

This reminder was addressed to the American Opposition, but we also should do well to take it to heart. If the impression that Europeans are bent on writing power politics into the settlement should become the fixed belief of many Senators, they may again hesitate to endorse it. But history rarely repeats itself with literal fidelity. It is likely enough, as we read the future, that Americans will accept the Dumbarton Oaks Plan, but will they do it with the resolve to make of it a living reality? Their reaction to our failure to observe the principles of the Charter will not be a retreat of outraged virtue into isolationism but a cynical plunge into imperialism. It was a sign of the times that Mr. Roosevelt warned us, as Henry Wallace has also done, of the risks of a Third World War. What is it that all of us detect in the world around us, when we use that terrifying phrase? The real cause for alarm is that no one of the surviving Great Powers is restrained in its doings by obedience to any code of principles. Without respect for law and morals among the nations, we shall build our supernational structure in vain.

Mr. Roosevelt's appeal to Congress will soon be tested by its attitude to the National Service Bill which was heavily defeated last year. Of still greater significance from our own national standpoint will be the reaction of Congress to the Message accompanying the Budget. The President called, in general terms, for a policy of international monetary and economic collaboration. He asks for the immediate establishment of the Bretton Woods mechanism to obviate the evils of unstable exchanges; and, recommending greater lending powers for the Export-Import Bank, he urges repeal of the Act which forbids U.S. loans to countries in default on 1914–1918 indebtedness. But on tariffs—the crucial issue—he was silent. Insisting on the need for an increase in American exports if full employment is to be maintained after the war, when 60,000,000 Americans will need new jobs, he missed the chance of telling Congress bluntly that this means that the U.S.A. must be ready to admit foreigners' goods in exchange. In Washington, no less than in London, there are lessons which must be learned.

WHERE WE GET STUCK

The quality of democracy in a country depends quite as much on its local as on its national institutions of government. Where the prefect or the *podestà* controls local affairs, under the orders of the central authority, the springs of democracy are apt to run dry and local patriotism, though it may not be extinguished, is diverted into unpolitical channels. We are justly proud in Great Britain of having a local government system which, with all its shortcomings, is real local self-government; and any proposal to change the essential foundations of local control—for example by superimposing on it peacetime successors to the wartime Regional Commissioners—would be rightly fought with fury. The Government, conscious of this general feeling, declares in its latest White Paper that it has no intention of proposing anything of the sort. Indeed, nobody supposed it had; for it is not this Government's way to propose things to which there is certain to be violent opposition, if there is any method of letting them alone.

But, though local self-government is an excellent thing, and it is sound instinct that makes us unwilling to it, there is admittedly a good deal that needs amendment in our system as it is. The good local self-governing unit is that which satisfies two main conditions: it must represent a real community and be of a satisfactory shape and size for the administration of common services. These two conditions may, of course, conflict; and then it is necessary either to compromise or to find a way round. But there is no escaping them, or subordinating one of them to the other as a matter of principle, without undermining the foundations of local democracy. It is of no use to build up administrative units of high efficiency from the technical point of view if there is no spirit of community to sustain their working; and it is equally futile to trust in perfect ideological communities which are too small or too misshapen to be efficient units for the management of essential services.

These are generalisations. The trouble comes when one tries to apply them. A couple of years ago the Government asked the various associations of local authorities—County Councils, County Boroughs, and so on, down to Parish Councils, to say what they wanted done about the future of local government. With near unanimity they replied emphatically in favour of their own kind of authority, and with a wish to see local government so recast as to increase its power. The County Councils wanted more power for themselves, as against the Boroughs and other smaller authorities within their geographical limits. The County Boroughs envisaged a country cut up into a series of all-purpose authorities modelled on the County Borough. The smaller Boroughs, the Urban and Rural Districts, wanted to keep and, if possible, extend their powers, and by no means to be swallowed up in new great all-purpose bodies or made further subject to the control of the County Councils. Everybody said his piece, and it was evident that there was not the smallest prospect of any two of the disputants coming to an agreement.

This would not have mattered had all been well enough to be let alone. But nobody supposed that all was well. It was not denied that local finances were in a hopeless mess, not merely in a few impoverished or war-damaged areas, but over most of the country. It was not denied that plans for the satisfactory rebuilding of towns, for the development of new housing areas, and above all for the creation of new independent or satellite towns, demanded drastic changes in local government boundaries and machinery. It was not denied that there was need for social and economic planning of town and country over areas much larger than those of any existing local authority. The needs were admitted; there was merely no agreement about the best way of meeting them.

This is the background against which the Government has produced its latest White Paper, after more than two years of cogitation. It makes but one major proposal—a Boundary Commission, which over a period of six years or so is gradually to review local government boundaries area by area, giving priority to those in which the most urgent problems of reconstruction arise. This Commission is to have no power to propose any major changes in the structure of local government: the Government does not intend that there shall be such changes. The Commission will be concerned only with boundaries and with questions of status bound up with frontier readjustments; and even in this field it will not be able to make any substantial changes without the approval of its provisional orders by both Houses of Parliament. Moreover, it will not be allowed to touch either London or Middlesex, which are held to raise problems too difficult to be dealt with by it. Local government in Middlesex is apparently to be frozen hard as it is: the extension of the boundaries of London County appears to be definitely ruled out. There is a proposal to set up yet another Royal Commission on the government of the existing County of London, but it seems not to be intended to give this body any power even to consider the problems of Greater London administration.

In effect, what the Government have done, in these matters as in all others relating to the great question of Planning, is to resign the task of reform as too difficult. Obviously no major changes can be made in the structure and powers of local government without encountering strong opposition, just as nothing can be done about the control of land or the reorganisation of the coal industry or of the transport services, or indeed about any major issue at all, without some considerable group of vested interests offering strong opposition and other groups rallying to their support on the plea that property, or tradition, or the England of our forefathers, or whatever they choose to call their own prejudices, is in danger. It is obvious enough to anyone who looks at the situation dispassionately that the fine hopes that have been held out to us of a new planning of our country, with populations redistributed in new and satellite towns and industries sorted out to match, so as to give each area a balanced range of employments, cannot possibly be realised without effective public ownership of the land needed for development or without some sort of regional planning authority, working under a national authority, and making master plans which can then be executed in detail by lesser local authorities. But not one of these indispensable things are we to be allowed to have, because none of them is to be had except by overriding some group of powerful vested interests.

It is, no doubt, natural enough for a Coalition Government to take this line in matters which do not arise directly out of the needs of war.

The present Government was formed to wage war, not to refashion England. But somebody has to refashion England unless we are to get ourselves, when the war is over, into a terrible mess. Socialism *versus* Capitalism is not the only issue that it is impossible to put aside without stultifying reconstruction policy. There are other issues, forced on us by the changing means of communication, the changing scales of operation of services needed for technical efficiency, the changing relations between town and country, and the changed conception of Government's responsibilities in matters of social welfare and the maintenance of employment.

On nearly all these issues we are, at the moment, just stuck. The spate of White Papers no doubt produces an illusory appearance of activity on the Government's part; but most of the White Papers evade most of the vital issues, and even if they did not, how long is the step from White Paper to Act of Parliament and to action following upon enactment? The plain, unhappy truth is that we are not getting ready to reconstruct Great Britain; what is going on behind the façade of White Papers is a scramble to put the pre-war institutions of government and business back into some sort of workable order, so as to carry on as nearly as possible in the old ways. By such methods no major issues can be tackled at all. We shall build, not new or satellite towns, but housing estates higgledy-piggledy on devastated sites or round the edges of existing towns. We shall go back to local government authorities which are impotent to plan, and shall allege the want of proper planning authorities as reasons for being unable effectively to control the location of industry. We shall thrust fresh burdens on local rates, which are a notoriously bad and unfair form of tax, and we shall then use the reluctance of the ratepayers to pay more as an excuse for evading necessary reforms.

The remedy? There seems none, under the present Government. Nor is there any under a Conservative successor. For, it has been made abundantly plain, Conservatism does not wish Great Britain to be reconstructed. It wishes Britain to take its obsolete institutions back with the minimum of change. All these projects for a better London or a better Manchester or Plymouth, for a new deal for town and country, and a new planning of industry to serve the consumers' wants instead of the interests of monopoly, just do not fit with an unchanged pattern of government, national or local, or with an unchanged pattern of party alignments and political habits. To turn them from projects into realities will need new political forces which are not to be found on any of the benches of this exhausted Parliament, or in the central offices of any of the parties. Even the Labour Party will have to be thoroughly made new, and to throw up new leaders, before it can make up its mind to tackle the job.

Local government presents the issue in a specially significant form. It is impossible to say what the structure of local government ought to be except in relation to what it is intended to do. There is no agreement, and no clear-cut difference either, about what the new structure of local government ought to be because there is no clear programme, of what local government will be called upon to attempt. Its function will be one thing in a planned society, aiming at generally diffused welfare, and quite another in a society hag-ridden by monopoly as Great Britain was between the wars. We shall get local government reform—and indeed any kind of *structural* reform of our essential institutions—only from a Government that is committed to real planning, not merely of town and country in the narrow sense, but of the whole pattern of community living and wealth-creation together, as elements in a single plan. Until there is the driving force of such a plan, framed by men who mean it, the problems of local government, like those of land use and of economic efficiency, will remain insoluble. This is the type of White Paper to be expected from a Government which will neither do the job, nor allow others to do it.

NORTH CHINA FRONT

FACED with the menacing advance of the Japanese in South China, the Generalissimo has taken a few small and tentative steps towards improving the military and political situation. He has made a speech agreeing that China need not necessarily wait till the end of the War before having a Representative Assembly. Unless there is an important part of his speech unreported, he has not said when this body is to be set up, how it is to be constituted or what powers he intends it to possess. Similarly, his recent Cabinet changes, though in the right direction, do not go far towards producing the internal unity that is essential for successful resistance. China has not a democratic system of Government; the real power remains in the Kuomintang machine. It is good to know that T. V. Soong has been allowed to emerge from political obscurity, but there is as yet no evidence that he is in a position to carry through the widespread economic changes which are necessary if China is to overcome its present inflation, inefficiency and corruption. Above all, no step has been taken towards bridging the gulf between the ruling Right Wing of the Kuomintang and the so-called Communist forces in North-West China. If Stuart Gelder, the excellent correspondent of the *News Chronicle*, is correct, the Communist representative in Chungking, who was believed to have been negotiating with the Generalissimo, was in fact only allowed a short interview in which he was rebuffed with something less than Chinese politeness. So far the most positive step taken towards stopping the Japanese is that some divisions of the large and well-equipped Kuomintang, now immobilised as a cordon between Communist and Kuomintang China, have been brought down to China's Southern front, with the result that Japan has come to a (presumably temporary) halt. If this is an instalment of further change, it is certainly welcome, but it will not in itself go far towards the defeat of Japan, nor will it satisfy America, which fears that United States troops may be confronted with the almost impossible task of ousting the Japanese from the Asiatic mainland without effective aid from China's armies.

Perhaps the most substantial improvement we have to record is that the censorship which has for three years blocked information from the "Communist" areas has at length been broken down. Last summer some twenty American, British and Chinese journalists overcame the resistance of Chungking and visited the Border regions. Their strikingly favourable reports are confirmed by a pamphlet now made available to the British public. It is called *North China Front* (published by the China Campaign Committee). The author is Mr. Michael Lindsay, son of the Master of Balliol, who has been living for the past two years in Yenan and has been in China since 1938. He was teacher at Yenching University at Peiping, and his report on the Border regions has the authority of objective, careful and thorough study by one who knows the language and knows China.

Mr. Lindsay's pamphlet makes it clear that the world has been misled by hearing these northern areas labelled as "Communist." He describes the very complex conditions of guerrilla warfare and discusses in detail the methods and achievements of the Chinese partisans who have so long been fighting an enemy whose cruelty towards captured prisoners and civilians is equal to that of the Germans on the Russo-Polish front. In the area he describes in most detail one-third of the Government is Communist while two-thirds of the representation goes to other parties. There is much inefficiency, mainly, he says, due to lack of trained personnel, but there is also, perhaps for the first time in Chinese history, a complete absence of corruption. This is the most remarkable of all the claims made for the Border areas and it is confirmed by all observers who have been there. Mr. Lindsay describes, too, the social and economic organisation, the strenuous effor to develop industry almost without any of t technical instruments required, and the measu of land reform which makes the peasant a fr man and a far more willing guerrilla fighter an supporter of his Government than most of t peasants in Kuomintang China. Mr. Lindsa ends by stating that:

> The present Communist programme is outlin in Mao Tse-tung's "New Democracy," whi recognises that under present Chinese conditio the Communist system would be unworkable an looks forward to a long period of developme under capitalist democratic institution with only certain amount of government control and pa ticipation in key industries. This programme co forms to the facts of the situation.

The impression left after reading this factu pamphlet is that a democratic revolution has be carried out in Northern China. The revolutio is of a type which is emerging in every backwar area in Europe and in Asia. Communists play leading part in it because they have in them t capacity for leadership, but the revolution is o which all democrats should approve. It is a effort of common people to throw off governmen and rulers who are incompetent to meet the nee of their generation, but who maintain their powe sometimes corruptly, sometimes by collusion wi their country's enemies, sometimes with the he of foreign bayonets. The essentials of th revolution are land reform, the organisation national resources for the benefit of the comm people and the appointment to positions authority of men who command public confidenc Such movements contain irresponsible element but they have in them the only seeds hope. This generalisation applies in cond tions as differ nt as those of Greece fro China. In the case of China, military facts hav convinced the Americans of the necessity allowing these resurgent forces a share in th government of their country.

That this opinion is widely shared throughou China and that we are only prevented from know ing that by the censorship Chungking imposes the news is made more clear than ever by th recent publication of a programme put forwar by an organisation called "The Democrat Federation." This group is a federation of th smaller parties, which exist with difficulty i China. They have at present no power an Chungking allows us to hear very little about them Their programme asks first for the unification China, based on the removal of suspicion and eve of mutual forgiveness. They urge that China position as fourth of the leading United Natio can only be sustained if her Government is good terms both with the Western Democraci and with the U.S.S.R., and that to defeat Jap unity between the Kuomintang and the Com munist army is essential. Finally they launch considerable programme of financial and econom reform, aimed at a system of control analogous that adopted under Western Democracies in w conditions. Prices must be fixed, the collection taxes and customs simplified and unified, bribe eliminated and a system of control instituted ov production, while care is taken to provide su "guidance and relief" to private manufacture as will ensure continuous production and avo "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs They ask for full reports upon State enterpris so that they can be subjected to proper aud and suggest that foreign advisers should invited to co-operate with members of t legislative Yuan and the People's Council in committee on Chinese finance and currency order to deal with the disastrous inflation.

Reforms on some such lines as these are wh every friend of China hopes and desires. It encouraging to know that there are independe minds in China able to reach these conclusio and to publish them.

A LONDON DIARY

A LOT of Conservatives will read Aneurin Bevan's pamphlet *Why Not Trust the Tories?* (Gollancz, 6d.). They will have to read it because they are likely to be asked about it whenever they appear on political platforms. I am sure that Quintin Hogg, for instance, is already reading it to discover the correct quips which will enable him to avoid replying to the substance of the attack. But before this battledore and shuttlecock stage is reached I should like to ask him, with no partisan purpose in mind, to say how in his heart he defends the record which Aneurin Bevan examines, and in particular what would be his reply to the chapter on "The Mechanism of the Tory Mind," with which the pamphlet ends. Tories, as Bevan says, are individually neither better nor worse than members of any other party. Yet without any doubt they have repeatedly deceived the electorate with tricks that they knew to be no more than tricks, and I find it impossible to resist Mr. Bevan's deduction from the devastating story of the Beveridge and Ashwatt Reports and of various White Papers that the same forces that led to the betrayal of the miners and to subsequent industrial disaster are at work again now as strongly as ever.

* * *

I suppose an honest and convinced Conservative would answer in some such fashion as this: "We Conservatives believe in the class system in which we have been brought up, and we think that for the kind of life we regard as valuable, Capitalism is best. Even if it means retaining unemployment and social misery, we prefer that to any threat to the propertied system. In order to maintain power we have to manage Democracy by such means as politicians have always employed. For politics is only a disguised form of warfare, and in warfare you are justified in deceiving your opponents. Indeed it is only by deception that the mass of the Dispossessed can be prevented from getting out of hand and upsetting the entire system, so compelling us to abandon the peaceful methods and to maintain our system by force. When the propertied system is in danger from the masses, as in Spain, we see to it that our side wins." I think there are some Tories who do consciously hold this view, but most of them seem to accept it instinctively. I was glad to see that Bevan ended his pamphlet with one of the most revealing passages in political literature. Christianity, according to its seventeenth-century Puritan interpretation, involved equality, and Colonel Rainbro argued that "the poorest he that is in England is allowed to live as well as the greatest he," and that all men should have the vote. Cromwell replied: "If they who have no goods and chattels make the laws equally with them that hath, they will make laws to take away the property of them that hath." In time the masses won the legal right to a share in making the laws, with the result that in some countries the propertied classes have turned to Fascism. In our own country, where the political tradition is strong and property more widely distributed, they need to resort to nothing worse than the technique of deception that Bevan describes.

* * *

The *Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *News Chronicle* and *Daily Herald* have all been well informed and outspoken about Greece; none of them has been affected by the various propaganda lines that have been run recently in Athens. First E.A.M. was a small band of cut-throats and ruffians; then, when it was found necessary to move divisions of British troops, urgently wanted elsewhere, to combat them, we were told that E.L.A.S. held all the country and had German aid. Since they had in fact been fighting the Germans while members of the Greek Government, to whom we gave our support, had not been doing so in any noticeable way, this particular line had also to be dropped. Then there came the usual atrocity stories, which also fell rather flat because, although I am sure tough and cruel things have been done by some E.L.A.S. groups, the correspondents in Athens knew that they were very unlikely to equal the excesses they themselves saw being carried out by the Athens *Gendarmerie*, which had been trained by Metaxas and had continued to serve the Germans during the occupation. The next phase was a spate of letters from British soldiers in Greece, which were remarkably similar in tone to each other, and reached this and many other newspaper offices. I have no doubt many of them reflected a quite spontaneous anger that all soldiers feel when their comrades are killed. I fully share their anger that any British troops should die in Greece now that the task of liberation is achieved. I see that both the *Times* and the *Herald* have referred to these letters. I have a beauty on my table which describes the E.L.A.S. soldiers as "lunatics" and "anarchists." Next, officers were sent home (special leave or normal, I do not know) with instructions to inform the press about the realities of the situation. I wonder, as Mr. Churchill said on a famous occasion, what these people really think we are? Do they think we invent our Greek news? In fact, responsible British newspapers have been very closely following the inside story of the intrigues of the British authorities with the tiny Monarchist group in Cairo for the last eighteen months.

* * *

Ruthenia, Czechoslovakia's easternmost province, has had a chequered history. Within the past 25 years this little backward and impoverished Carpathian country, with its mixed population of 600,000 souls, has changed its masters no less than five times. At present Ruthenia, after its liberation by the Red Army, is formally again part of Czechoslovakia. But there are signs that Ruthenia's political kaleidoscope may in the near future take yet another turn. All over the country there were scenes of enthusiastic fraternization between Ruthenians and Red Army men, which soon were followed by demonstrations for Slav, and particularly Ukrainian, solidarity. The anniversary of the Russian revolution was conspicuously celebrated. Scores of manifestos were issued in which the ties between the Ruthenians and their Ukrainian kinsfolk were stressed; one of these manifestos was given publicity by the Moscow radio. I hear now that the Czechoslovak Government delegation which had gone to Ruthenia in the wake of the Red Army found itself confronted by a real outburst of popular feeling. Most of the Red Army troops who had entered Ruthenia were Ukrainians from across the border, with whom the Ruthenians could talk in their own language. Many Ruthenians, spellbound by the might and victories of the Red Army, volunteered for service. When part of Ruthenia was officially handed over by the Red Army to civil administration, it was soon clear that military administration could not be dispensed with as yet, as there was no civil authority to take over. Eventually most of the Government delegates returned to Moscow for consultation with Molotov. Meanwhile the Czechoslovak Government in London has also been discussing the situation, which, for both domestic and international reasons, is beset with difficulties. About two years ago, when Ruthenia's future first came up in Russo-Czech discussions, the suggestion of territorial changes in Ruthenia was rejected in Moscow. In influential Czech circles it was then felt—and it is probably even more so felt now—that to Czechoslovakia Ruthenia had been rather a burden than an asset. Ruthenian autonomy, promised in the Czechoslovak constitution, would be the ideal solution, but it would not surprise me if this autonomy were finally achieved within the frame of Soviet Russia.

* * *

Two years must have passed since I was first told of the Labour Party Mission to the Soviet Union. Some day perhaps the mission may go and the reason for the delay may be told. In the meantime a joint-Party Parliamentary delegation is leaving, I gather, very soon. It consists of about a dozen M.P.s headed by Walter Elliot. The Labour representatives include John Parker, Tom Fraser and Lord Faringdon. Amongst the Tories I notice the name of Lord Lovat, V.C. I gather that the group hopes to see Stalin and other high officials during a short stay in Moscow and then, if it is possible, to see something of the Russian interior. Elliot, I think, should make an excellent leader. He has a realistic, scientific bent of mind and is one of the best living conversationalists. I am not sure whether he has as good a head for vodka as the leader of a mission to Russia should have. One of the objects of such a mission should be to make real personal contacts with leading Soviet citizens, and that, unfortunately, is one of the most difficult things in the world. The long story of intrigue and espionage and bad faith no doubt adds up to a good reason for official Soviet reticence, but there is no doubt that it is, in fact, one of the great obstacles to improved relations. If the mission can do something to break down the wall that the U.S.S.R. has built round itself, it will do one of the most important jobs in the war.

* * *

A friend returning from a visit to Paris provides me with this charming example of French tact. Spending a couple of hours studying the Bayeux Tapestry (which is not a tapestry at all but coloured string embroidery on coarse cloth), guided by an excellent and most scientifically compiled little handbook, published for the occasion, he finally reached the last of the 57 sections, which gives the text of the Latin legend as "HIC HAROLD REX INTERFECTUS EST" with the French underneath, "Ici le roi Harold est tué et le combat prend fin." Looking up at the embroidery to compare he found that the original did not say this at all. The inscription runs HIC HAROLD REX INTERFECTUS EST ET FUGA VERTERUNT ANGLI. (Here King Harold is killed and the English turn to flight.)

What is there England can offer by way of a tactful gesture to indicate our appreciation of this touchingly ridiculous oddity? Should we suggest to Mr. Laurence Olivier to eliminate the Battle of Agincourt from his film? Surely nothing less than that will do?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. C. Crosby.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Introducing the guest of honour the Mayor explained that the reason Father Christmas had not arrived earlier in the festive season was that the Town Council had inadvertently sent the cesspool emptier to meet him instead of a lorry.—*Wisbech Standard.*

Criticising the tendency to provide all houses with bathrooms, Mr. Leslie asked who was going to pay for a bathroom in every house. Had the people any right to "come down" on the local authorities to provide, with or without State assistance, luxuries like bathrooms?—Speech by Senator Leslie in *Northern Ireland Senate.*

In Leeds yesterday people queued for coal. Sick children are sleeping in fireless homes.

Fuel officials said: "We do not look upon the situation as serious."

"Psychology," they declare, "plays a big part."—Report in *News Chronicle.*

A landscape painting by Vincent is to be bought by Norwich for £330. The picture is too large for most private collectors, and the commercial owners were proposing to cut it into three.—*Evening Standard.*

FRONTIERS AND MIGRANTS

THE problems of Eastern Europe move us to a passionate concern because they are primarily strategical: they are difficult, because we are forced to envisage not this but a future struggle for power. At stake, on the one hand, is the happiness and prosperity of many millions of human beings—Greeks, in one instance, Poles, Ukrainians and Germans in another. But no less important is the broad issue of European security. It is futile to discuss these problems until we know within what Continental framework Athens and Salonica, Warsaw, Königsberg and Lvov will have their place. In plain words, the fundamental issue in both cases is the relationship, on the plane of power politics, between the Western Powers and the Soviet Union.

The best and the worst are easy to imagine. On the happier assumption we succeed in turning the far from inspiring sketch of an organisation for World Security drafted at Dumbarton Oaks into a living reality. Within it we might then contrive to integrate the economic life of Europe under a Council wielding adequate powers of organisation and control. Only then could we and the Russians feel sure that after an interval of ten or twenty years Germany will not again become a menace to her neighbours. Against a united Europe firmly bent on a policy of constructive control, even a reincarnation of the Nazi idea would be powerless. But the worse alternative has also to be faced. This is that Europe will be bisected into two spheres of influence. If the Dumbarton acorn turns out to be sterile, inevitably London and Moscow must each subordinate every other consideration to power politics. Because Moscow suspects that sooner or later we shall bring Germany (or it may be the western half of Germany) within our sphere of influence, she is compelled to secure her own future safety against our Western Union by vast territorial changes, inspired by considerations of strategy. This sweeping rearrangement of the map promises no happiness to the Polish people, while it destroys any hope that a pacific and co-operative German nation can come into being. If I go on to examine the bearing of these plans on the welfare of the peoples most nearly concerned, my purpose is to strengthen the case for the creation of a World Organisation to which, without mistrust, Russia and the rest of us may confide our safety. To understand Russia's outlook on the future, we dare not forget the experiences that nourished her suspicion—the early years of blockade and intervention, the long delay in according recognition, recurring incidents like the Arcos raid; but, above all, the contemptuous hostility of the period of appeasement and the rejection after Munich of her proposals for a common front against the Nazis. It is these memories that account for the strategical precautions which bulk so largely in her plans.

These proposals have now been outlined by several official speakers. (1) Russia will take all the former Polish territory to the east of the Curzon Line, including Eastern Galicia and its capital, Lvov. (2) Russia will take the eastern districts of East Prussia, up to and including Königsberg. This detail Mr. Dalton disclosed to the Labour Conference. It will give her an ice-free port on the Baltic. (3) Russia, as M. Bidault has stated, will endow Poland, by way of compensation, with all German territory to the east of the River Oder and its tributary the Neisse. This extensive region includes not merely most of East Prussia, Danzig and the Corridor, but the greater part of Pomerania and part of Brandenburg, with Lower and Upper Silesia. Stettin, though it is on the left bank of the Oder, also falls to Poland, whose new frontier will be only 45 miles distant from Berlin. In approving these proposals, Mr. Churchill was vague in his geographical description, and may not have meant to sanction them to their full extent. What he stressed was that "a clean sweep" of the German population must be made from all the territory the Poles acquire.

Shortly after the last war in two successive years, I got to know a big stretch of the territory in dispute between Poland and Russia. It was a memorable experience in which I learned something of the human issues at stake. I had a talk with Marshal Piludski, in which he revealed his boyish and romantic militarism. I was with the Red Army while it was repelling his unprovoked invasion. I spent some days and nights in remote villages near the Pripet Marshes. I stumbled on two *pogroms*, for which the direct responsibility fell on Polish officers. I made it my business to talk with Polish priests and landlords as well as Jewish rabbis. The impressions that remain with me are sharp and definite. First, the Curzon Line is on the whole a correct delimitation on ethnographic principles, if we take language and religion as our criteria. Secondly, I do not doubt that the majority of the population, the peasantry of Lithuanian, White Russian and Ukrainian stock, will be happier within the Soviet Union than under the Polish flag. Whether as landlords or as administrators, the Polish gentry were oppressive masters. The Jews also stand to gain. In short, the Polish title to this territory rests only on a transient military success.

When this is said, the fact remains that a big Polish minority, numbering about 2½ millions, finds itself on the wrong side of the Curzon Line. Though the Russians would respect its right to use its own language, its social composition is such that it cannot and will not adapt itself to the Communist way of life. There are few workers or peasants among these Poles. Most of them are either landed gentry or else the official and professional class of the towns, with the typical outlook of a ruling caste. Their attachment to the Catholic Church will also incline them to quit. It is fair to add that many of them suffered heavily under the measures of deportation which the Russians carried out when they first occupied this country between the autumn of 1939 and the summer of 1941. To the number, it is said, of over a million, Poles from this region were interned under the roughest conditions in distant camps in Asiatic Russia. That experience made many irreconcilables. It is true, as Mr. Churchill said, that much of the territory the Poles will lose is poor and marshy, with forests as its only riches. But two cities, Vilno and Lvov, were precious to them as vital centres of their culture. The Curzon Line is broadly in accord with ethnographic justice: none the less, it leaves us with grave problems still to solve.

The solution proposed by Lublin and endorsed by Moscow, Paris and (in part at least) by London, is that Poland shall be compensated at Germany's expense. Germany must assuredly compensate Poland for the barbarous wrongs she inflicted, but what this poor and backward nation needs is not more land but more machinery with which to intensify her agriculture and expand her industries. What effects will follow these territorial changes? In order to provide for a Polish minority of at most 2½ million persons which may wish to quit Soviet territory, a German population of about ten millions is to be evicted from solidly German provinces. The compensation is, then, to start with, altogether excessive. This Polish minority could be accommodated in a quarter of the territory it is proposed to annex, and still it would be the gainer, since these German lands are more fertile and very much better equipped. When I try to visualise the condition of these extensive provinces, after the entire German population has been driven out (as Mr. Churchill insists), my imagination fails me. Who is to till the fields? Who is to work the industries, vastly expanded in wartime, which made of Silesia a Black Country that vies with the Ruhr? The Poles have a high birth-rate: in a generation they might be able to supply the labour. But could they, even in a generation, supply the organisers and technicians required to draw from these resources a fraction of the wealth they yielded under German management? Across the new border, in what is left of the German Reich, these ten million additional mouths will have to be fed. In a macabre calculation, Mr. Churchill justified this arrangement, because before the war is over the German population may lose an equal number on the field of battle. He forgot, however, that these fertile eastern provinces had an agricultural surplus, which went to feed the more densely peopled regions of the centre and west. The plan means, then, a heavy decline in the standard of life of Central Europe which will affect all Germany's neighbours who used to trade with her. Another consequence will be that, if Germany loses the immense capital value these provinces represented, she will be able to contribute little or nothing to repair the losses she has inflicted on others.

When we turn to the political consequences the prospect is no happier. After provoking the lasting resentment of the German people in this way, Poland would be thrown absolutely on the protection of the Red Army. That is why the Lublin Poles support this plan, while the London Poles reject it. Under no regime can Poland be happy or safe or free unless she will consent, for the first time in her history, to live on the friendliest terms with her great Eastern neighbour. But it is not necessary that she should sink to the position of a protected satellite. On Germany's political development the effect of this measure will be even more disastrous. Uprooted from their homes and their ancestral fields, these ten million men and women will carry with them wherever they settle, a flood of bitterness that will poison the springs of German life. The impoverished Reich can hardly make good to them more than a fraction of what they will lose when they abandon their farms, workshops and cottages. Here is blazing fuel which we are recklessly presenting to the Nazi underground movement: there will be no need for its agents to stoke the fires of hatred and revenge. I ask myself whether, against these odds, any pacific party, be it Liberal, Socialist or Communist, can ever hope to gain control over the mass-mind of the German nation?

The immediate effect of this policy has been to inspire the average German, in spite of his growing detestation of the Nazis, with a new fury of resistance. Even war-weary men will fight stubbornly to preserve their homes. We shall learn, as the new year runs on, what political unwisdom has cost us in British, American and Russian lives. Nor is that all. It is the declared policy of the Nazis to "scorch the earth" wherever they have to retreat. This they could not effectively do if the German population refused to help them in a strategy of suicide. But why should the population of the Eastern Provinces object to destruction, if it is doomed in any event to lose all it possesses? It is a safe prediction that in the East, when it has fought to the last ditch, the entire population will retreat with the German Army, leaving its blazing homes behind it. The Poles will fall heirs to a desert.

Must we acquiesce in this ugly prospect, which threatens ruin to any hope that a prosperous and contented Europe can emerge from this war? Worse even than the material loss and the moral embitterment is the sinister reason that explains it.

The danger it seeks to remove comes not from a Germany beaten, isolated and disarmed: it comes from Russia's fear that we and the imperialist faction in America may relapse into the hostility of the Munich epoch. Can we not even now survey the whole field of our future relationship with her and find ways of assuring her that our friendship is as sincere as our resolve to banish the German danger? There are ways of doing that less ruinous than these proposals, but they involve the creation of machinery of control that will work reliably twenty years hence. Russia's scepticism must first be removed. If that can be done, then a compromise can be devised which satisfies all reasonable claims. These outlines might be considered.

(1) Russia can meet her need of an ice-free Baltic port without taking Königsberg. Libau is usually ice-free, and Memel always. (2) If East

Prussia as a whole is assigned to Poland she will get (a) a territory capable of receiving all of her nationals who may wish to migrate from the Soviet Union; (b) a stretch of Baltic coast; and (c) the two good ports of Pillau and Königsberg. (3) In exchange for East Prussia, Germany should recover Danzig and the Corridor, which have at present no settled Polish population. Poland should in this case retain her rights of navigation over the Vistula with running powers over the railway and leased docks at Danzig and Gdynia.

(4) With these modifications the frontiers between Germany and Poland should be those fixed at Versailles and in the subsequent partition of Upper Silesia.

(5) Germany should indemnify Poland by deliveries over a term of years of new machinery.

(6) An allied Poland must accept the Curzon Line with such rectifications as Russia may be willing to concede to a friendly neighbour.

(7) If such a compromise can be reached, it should be published at once so as to lessen German resistance.

(8) The two transfers of population required by this scheme should take place only after a considerable interval of time, under the care of Unrra and in such a way as to cause a minimum of suffering and loss.

This is a tangle that admits of no ideal solution. Here, at least, is a compromise that need not breed another war. It is feasible, however, only on one condition. We must convince the Russians that we are in earnest with our international plans for security and economic co-operation.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

ROMAIN ROLLAND

ROLLAND'S death in the beautiful hill-town of Vézelay removes from the world one of the few remaining figures who might justly be called great Europeans. European by the instinct of the artist and internationalist by moral conviction, he came to occupy, during and after the last war, a controversial public position which has obscured his proper fame as novelist and critic. The French found him too German, the Germans too French; so much nationalist passion blazed up around his name that his authorship of one of the great panorama-novels of the century and of many valuable contributions to the history and interpretation of music seemed almost forgotten. His industry was immense, his interests ranged from Michelangelo to Vivekananda; but the essence of his genius is to be found in those two cycles: *Beethoven: Les Grandes Epoques Créatrices* (*not* the early biography) and *Jean-Christophe*, the *roman musical* in ten volumes which occupied most of his time from 1895 to 1912.

The Beethoven was to have been complete in five parts, on which, however, Rolland did not work in chronological sequence. The second and fourth parts appeared during his lifetime, the former (*From the Eroica to the Appassionata*) also in an English translation by Ernest Newman; the fourth part covers the period of the last piano sonatas, and includes a long and masterly analysis of the *Mass in D*. It is, of course, unobtainable now (the London Library has a copy), and it is most desirable that a good English translation should be issued as soon as possible after the war. (Whether the author had made any strides with the remainder of his grandiose scheme it would be interesting to know; but no one has yet come forward with much information about his last years.) I believe, too, that the big new interest in music and musicians would make it a profitable venture for Messrs. Heinemann to re-issue cheaply Gilbert Cannan's translation of *Jean-Christophe:* indeed, I should like to see it appear in Penguin form. A whole generation is ripe for the work, and does not know what it is missing.

There are certain works of art which make an overwhelming effect on us in youth, and remain in our memory as a perpetual fountain of goodness and truth to which we turn when the dryness of life becomes intolerable. Such works are seldom (perhaps never) masterpieces of the most austere kind; it is enough that they should create a large, richly-peopled and self-sufficient world of their own, and one irradiated by a humane and compassionate view of life. Thousands find this satisfaction in the novels of Charles Dickens; for others *Die Meistersinger*, with its golden humanity and warmth, has come to take the place almost of a personal friend. And there are some, I think, who will have found in *Jean-Christophe* yet another of these healing and enriching creations. It is far from perfect. French critics complain that Rolland does not write a classical French; and even to an ignorant English ear there is something clumsy in many of his sentences. Often the excess of a peculiarly German rhetoric sweeps him away, and there are times (as also in the Beethoven studies) when we feel like saying, with Horatio: "My lord, these are but wild and whirling words." And the mystical climax of the last volume, when Christophe crosses the river of death, is, I seem to remember, "fully choral" in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sense: even at twenty I didn't think *that* quite came off.

It is always an anxiety to pick up in middle life a book which has meant a great deal to us in our youth, lest, like the old home revisited, its stature may have mysteriously shrunk in the interval. But dipping into *Jean-Christophe* this last week has dispelled my fears. The famous episode in *La Révolte* (the fourth volume of the series) in which the impetuous young composer visits his humble old admirer, Professor Schulz, has lost none of its magic: it would draw tears from a stone. I believe that it is founded on an episode in the life of Hugo Wolf; extremely Rollandesque, however, is the portrait of the gentle, single-minded old provincial, his memory stored with masterpieces ("*il était comme un vieux bois, vibrant de chants d'oiseaux*") and his whole being overflowing with love for which no outlet exists. Christophe's visit is a success, but it is also full of small tragi-comic pitfalls: the muddle at the railway station, the cuckoo clock that strikes during a *pianissimo* and enrages Christophe, the unfortunate allusion to his *bête noire*, Brahms. Schulz's friends, too, the sleepy Kunz and the gross Pottpetschmidt, are as absurd as only German *Kleinstadtleben* can be. But when they have gone, and the old man is left alone with Christophe, how the scene vibrates with tenderness and love! The Schulz episode could have been written only by a master of fiction who was also a fine musician and an uncommonly warm-hearted man. And that is perhaps the particular charm and distinction of the entire work.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

IT has always seemed to me that the radio script writer—or producer—achieves better work by creating his own standard than by aiming at a particular public, whether that of the Listener Research panels or a more specialised one of his own choosing. This heretical view involves two cardinal rules: (1) to bring everything into the sharpest imaginative focus, and (2) to make no concessions to mental laziness on the listener's part. It should be noted that laziness is not to be understood as the equivalent of ignorance, and that sincere attention to (1) considerably mitigates the intransigence of (2). In furnishing this column I shall proceed upon the same assumptions as those which governed my own radio scripts and productions in the past, hoping that the limitations involved may be compensated for by the one consistent advantage that readers will at least know the *kind* of criticism to expect. They will, that is to say, expect me to comment on Features (Topical as well as Literary), Drama, Talks and Discussions, and Serious Music. They will not expect me to offer any opinion on Variety, Magazine Programmes, Light Music (of the Palm Court order), and such features as the Kitchen Front.

Of all the broadcasts I have listened to between December 31 and January 7, *Pippa Passes* was by far the most interesting and the most radiogenic (to coin an ugly but compendious word). Browning was no dramatist and it was inevitable that the crudity of this poetic drama should become even more obvious in performance than in reading. But D. G. Bridson's adaptation was on the whole admirably done and the result moving and picturesque. Marjorie Westbury and Magaretta Scott seemed to me exactly right as Pippa and Ottima; I cared a good deal less for Robert Farquharson, who made a gross meal of the part of the Monsignor. Norman Fulton's music was entirely suitable, but I should have liked more of it, especially *behind* the verse. Luigi's long monologue, in particular, would have gained more from this kind of backing than from the paralytical tick of the studio clock which in fact accompanied it. It is high time steps were taken once for all to muffle these death-watch beetles.

King John, in any case not one of Shakespeare's best plays, proved rather stodgy and contourless. The visual factor—including the rise and fall of the curtain—plays a considerable part in dramatic form, and to transfer this to the microphone requires either narration or music, combined with a much stronger adaptation than Herbert Farjeon permitted himself here. To adapt and sometimes to rearrange is not necessarily to desecrate, but rather to give the maximum of effect (always, by the way, Shakespeare's chief preoccupation) to something written for a medium essentially different from the stage. This very "pure" production had many merits, including a brilliant piece of character acting by Ralph Richardson as Faulconbridge; but it failed continuously to grip the attention.

The New Year's Eve hook-up programme, *As a Great Year Ends*, contained a model of radio-dramatic technique in Louis MacNeice's review of the year, which seemed to me admirable in everything except the rather phoney Mrs. Everyman, on whom even Gladys Young could not confer a plausibility that was absent from her lines. But the whole technique of this feature, with its brilliant tricks of telescoping and evocation, showed that Expressionism was born too early and in the wrong quarter: its proper time is now, its place on the air and the film (e.g., *Citizen Kane*).

Many listeners besides myself will have been glad of the opportunity to hear Shostakovich's latest symphony (No. 8) a second time—even in a rather unsatisfactory recording of the original performance. That this is a better, more professional and less theatrical, work than the "Leningrad" symphony is certain; whether the first movement can support its own weight seems more doubtful. I cannot help feeling that a little more attention to what Soviet critics contemptuously call "bourgeois formalism" would, quite simply, make the musical thought of this always interesting composer easier to grasp.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

PLAYS AND PICTURES

John Piper and P.E.N. Club Exhibitions at the Leicester Galleries

Engravings and Wood-cuts at the Berkeley Gallery

Critics have objected that Mr. John Piper's architectural pieces too often follow a neo-romantic formula: storms threaten from lowering skies, and the buildings are dire with catastrophe. Doubtless Mr. Piper, like Sir Osbert Sitwell in the preface to the catalogue, is painfully aware that the architecture of England is in fact menaced, has indeed already been gravely dilapidated by the course of what is called unlyation. In any case most artists have a prevailing mood: Cuyp and Richard Wilson love the gold of late afternoon, Canaletto and Guardi, the cold light of the Venetian winter. Mr. Piper in what he has boldly baptised "the Sitwell country" has found subjects peculiarly consonant with his prevailing taste, for the proximity of Sheffield's smoke and of glaring foundries provides a sinister undertone to the "frozen music" of Renishaw and Bolsover and Sutton Scarsdale. Mr. Piper is almost always happier in water-colour than in oil because more faithful to the details of his subject. In his oils he inclines to sacrifice to fantasy his remarkable understanding of architecture, and declines like his predecessors of a hundred years ago into melodrama. In the large composition *Derbyshire Domains*, he conspicuously avoids this pitfall, but if one compares the water-colours of the South Front of Renishaw and the Terrace of Bolsover with the oils of the same subjects the superiority of the water-colours is unmistakable. While one would like to see Mr. Piper arriving at a

greater variety of mood, this exhibition reveals him at his best.

The P.E.N. Club exhibition in the next room is a queer salmagundi: paintings by Lucien Pissarro and Ivon Hitchens are jostled by a nude, positively "pin-up" in its seductiveness, from the brush of Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A. The most notable picture is Matthew Smith's portrait of Augustus John, a powerful impression which is more varied in colour than usual and which makes Mr. John's agreeable portrait of Yeats look merely decorative. Two enchanting lake pictures by Carol Weight, an interior by Geoffrey Tibble, a little landscape by Maurice de Saumarez and a portrait by Robert Buhler are among the other notable exhibits. Mr. Leonard Appelbee's landscape, deliberately dry, is highly accomplished.

The Piranesis at the Berkeley Galleries make an apt comparison with Mr. Piper's pictures; and the Gavarnis are enchanting—so pretty in their drawing, so cruel in their text. There are also some charming Chinese wood-cuts in which decorative value is enriched by the acute Chinese sensibility to nature.

Poulenc and Bernac

Who could be more welcome to this country after these years of isolation than Francis Poulenc, and who could better represent all that we most love in France and all that we have so sorely missed? Poulenc reveals in his music not only the most obvious French qualities of logic, lucidity and wit, but those less generally recognised qualities of unselfconsciousness, spontaneity and warmth of feeling. The recital given at the Wigmore Hall by Pierre Bernac and Francis Poulenc was sheer delight from beginning to end. M. Bernac combines extreme sensitiveness with musicianship and technical mastery. His variety of tone colour is as astonishing as his command of every subtlety of expression. It would be difficult to imagine Fauré sung with more perfect taste and accomplishment. The second half of the programme was devoted to songs by Poulenc, and began with the cycle *Tel Jour tel Nuit* on poems by Eluard. This cycle might be considered as one of the first works of Poulenc's maturity, and in these songs the composer exploits with sureness of touch those individual qualities that his music has always had. He has here created a style in which to set his remarkable melodic gift. The five new songs (written since the war), show no change in manner, but maintain his high standard, and for vitality and charm it would be hard to rival them. M. Poulenc accompanied throughout with rare skill. The only thing that could have increased one's enjoyment would have been to have the words of the songs—particularly the new ones—printed in the programme.

THE MOVIES

"Wilson," at the Odeon
"Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," at the Empire

Wilson is not so much a film as a national Pavilion. Going in, you can't miss the American Citizen, cheering at football matches, submitting every decision to his wife, enjoying a sing-song round the piano. If he hasn't a dog, there are three daughters attending playfully. He is persuaded, a scholar and reformer into politics (room II). The Democratic bosses want a new line; class, they think, will tell; it does, and gets them sacked. This is the biggest room and by far the most fascinating. The football matches at Princeton were nothing to a Democratic National Convention; in an atmosphere of tribal feasting, with banners waving, bands blaring, and elks roaring their heads off, after six days of song and dance, they elect their new candidate. In this scene, "enough electric light for a city of 80,000 was used. Five generators produced the juice and 108 electricians operated the huge lighting system. Incidentally, in filming this scene Director Henry King used 53 assistant directors to help handle the crowd of 2,000 extras." Not one too many. Those who relished the gnat voices of *Hail the Conquering Hero* will find it multiplied here to a roar. Room III: the White House, conducted tour, the double staircase, the East Room, the Blue Room, etc., with portraits of the Presidents and Lincoln's bed. Final discovery (by one of the daughters): "Why, it's as comfortable as home!" Receptions. Policy of keeping out of the war. Death of Mrs. Wilson. Room IV: Crisis. Second marriage. Declaration of war. News reels of the war. America wins it. Room V: Wilson goes to Europe with the Fourteen Points. Glimpse of Versailles. More important is the opposition at home. He returns. Room VI: Last effort to capture the vote for the League of Nations. Wilson collapses on tour. This is the great tragic moment of the film, but we have waited too long for it and the preparation has been too rosy. Illness, defeat. He is wheeled in his chair out of the White House.

The criticism of *Wilson* must be that its history is purely American, and too simplified at that; while, as biography, until the moment of tragedy it wallows too much in the *genre* of statesmanship ever to be a lifelike portrait. Alexander Knox plays the difficult part of Wilson with unflagging nobility and a wooden charm that is more than once touching. But despite his dignity he doesn't look like Wilson. One suspects all the time that the real Wilson was both more remote and inflexible, as he was certainly harsher of feature, than his screen effigy. Among the other historical figures only Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Senator Lodge comes to life. However, the mere "bigness" of the film and the nature of its subject make it impressive; and politically, the lesson of America's withdrawal from the League of Nations is made plain enough for isolationists to disapprove.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo is almost as long as *Wilson* and with far less excuse. Half of it is concerned with the preparation and execution of the first bombing attack on Tokyo; and had the camera been restricted to this the result might have been magnificent. But round the lives of the airmen a web of magazine sentiment has been woven that in two and a half hours is hard to shake off.

Everything from America at the moment seems to be an epic of something or other, and *Since You Went Away* goes on and on, introducing star after star, about the folks at home weeping, exchanging photographs, and doing their bit. Miss Colbert, Miss Jennifer Jones, Mr. Monty Woolley and Mr. Joseph Cotten bravely survive this deluge, which makes one bless our own habit of understatement.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

CHARTERS

The Atlantic Charter will take its place with the Ten Commandments and President Wilson's Fourteen Points . . . but objectives defined in such progressive documents cannot be always immediately attained.—President Roosevelt, December 22nd.

The Atlantic Charter, greeted
By American idealists,
They fear may be defeated
By European realists.
The ideal Wilson Charter,
No more, and no less, valid,
Was always a non-starter
Because idealists dallied.

The Decalogue of Moses,
A Ten Point Declaration,
The march of time discloses,
Still waits implementation.
For Charters lay and holy
Delays may be millennial,
Mankind progresses slowly,
But hope remains perennial.

The Charter Presidential
Like the Charter Jehovistic
Is a landmark influential
To a state more idealistic.
Though they move in piecemeal stages,
Due to human imperfection,
They are cherished down the ages
As a permanent collection.

These documents progressive,
In spite of opposition,
Though speed is not excessive,
Progress towards fruition.
Let partial advances
Be hopefully awaited—
The Atlantic Charter's chances
Must not be underrated. SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE BACKWARD PEASANT

SIR,—It was good to see your article on "The Second Chance" pointing out the urgency of ou assisting the industrialisation of industrially back ward countries in the post-war years. As you poin out, such assistance is necessary not only for the prosperity, but also for our own. You lay down som conditions which can make such lending fruitfu and amongst them you rightly insist that there mus be a concentration on the raising of agricultura standards in countries such as China, and that develop ment plans in borrowing countries should be in the hands of strong, democratic governments.

It is surely the warning of Japan that stable demo cratic governments can only arise, and industrialisatio can only lead to the improvement of peasant standard on the basis of thorough-going land reform. Mr Owen Lattimore in his recent book on *The Making o Modern China* has many strong things to say abou this necessity of land reform, for example (p. 34 "Either the peasants must be liberated and granted equal rights to progress with the rest of the natio or else the over production of human labour on the farm, under serf-like conditions, will drag down the wages and standards of factory labour and undermine the whole national economy—again like Japan."

When peasants live under conditions such as thos described by Fei Hsiao-tung in his *Peasant Life i China*, paying interest rates of 20 per cent. a month on loans and rents of up to 70 per cent. of their main crop, they have little incentive to improve farming and are too poor, as he shows, to use even simple labour-saving machines or buy more than a minimum of manufactured goods.

It is surely one of the most encouraging things in China to-day that in the guerrilla areas, with a total population of 80 to 90 million, the Border Region Governments, under Communist inspiration, have introduced many measures of land reform which have unleashed peasant incentives to increase production. In fact they are carrying out their part of those policies so eloquently urged by Sun Yat-sen and repeated in the recent speeches on China by Vice-President Wallace.

Based on such radical agricultural reforms the industrialisation of backward countries can be, as you argue, of the greatest mutual advantage. The peasants of North China, as indeed those of Eastern Europe, are already at work on measures which can ensure the full employment of British engineers and other workers for many a long year if British policy is also sufficiently inspired to appreciate the possibilities.

ARTHUR D. CLEGG

53 Springfield Road,
London, N.W.8.

OUR RURAL DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Is not this landlord complex a little out of date? Mr. Sidney Dark is no doubt unfortunate in his parish council, but I do not think that his experience is typical. My own work brings me in contact with many parish councils in all parts of the country and though there are a few which are to some extent dominated by the local landowner, these are a very small proportion of the whole. In my own agricultural parish, with a population of some 500, the parish council consists of the doctor, the shopkeeper, a small builder, a farm labourer (this has been the case for at least 30 years past), and the village handyman—carpenter, craftsman, builder and what not. There are some "gentry" in the parish, one fairly considerable landowner (myself), and several farmers, but none of these is on the Council, nor do they influence its decisions, and I cannot think of a single parish for miles round where the landowner is the dominant factor.

Undoubtedly the standard of performance of parish councils in general needs to be raised; but Mr. Dark makes no reference to the intensive work which has been done on this subject by the National Council of Social Service through its Central Parish Council Committee and its Advisory Services for parish councils which have been set up in many counties. Largely in consequence of this work there is a strong

and general demand from parish councils for a raising of their status by giving them additional functions and increased spending power, substituting election by secret ballot for election by show of hands (the request for this very important change is practically unanimous), and improving the efficiency of their clerks.

It is not true that the influence of "class" (I dislike the word but Mr. Dark imports it into the argument) in local government is always on the wrong side as he seems to suggest. Parishes have had some form of self-government for a very long period (since long before the Act of 1894), but they have not even yet learnt the art and it becomes continually more complicated. It is of the greatest assistance to a council to have as its chairman, or as one at least of its members, someone of full education and culture (even if he happens to be a major) who can take a wide view, suggest fruitful kinds of work, and generally raise the proceedings to the highest possible level. Councils, even if democratically elected, often lack initiative and courage, and need, and indeed appreciate, help of this kind, if given in the right spirit.

Mr. Dark's accusation is really against the electorate themselves—"the people," who take no interest in local government except when it interferes with them individually, and do not trouble to elect councils which truly represent them. I agree that we get the councils we deserve, but the remedy is not abuse of the system, which is quite good, but education of the electors in making proper use of it. In any case we need, not more "class consciousness," but less. The function of local authorities is not to represent "labour" or any other "class," but to forget class and work together for the common good.

HUMPHREY BAKER

SIR,—While there is much truth in Sidney Dark's description of "Our Rural Democracy" in your issue of January 6th, I do not think that the immediate outlook is anything like as gloomy as he suggests, that is, if I may assume that he would welcome the right kind of adult educational as well as purely party-political activity.

In the districts with which I am acquainted the development of the National Union of Agricultural Workers has helped to transform the situation. Everywhere I go—and I have visited nearly a score of branches in the last few months—I find the keenest interest in the problems of the countryside, particularly in local government. And—what is better still—they are doing something about it! They realise that uninformed criticism has little value or effect, and so they are seeking to improve their knowledge of local government by asking for W.E.A. classes on the subject.

In October and November I discussed the work of the W.E.A. with a number of Union branches; by Christmas I was embarrassed by their demands. Six classes, mostly on local government, have been formed already, and the number could be doubled if the tutors were available (so the labourers *are* few, but not non-existent as Mr. Dark implies). The groups are small, but they are keen. They have originated through the N.U.A.W., but they are not exclusive. Their readiness to listen, to argue, and to read is encouraging. Last week I asked a local secretary if I could have my copy of Robertson Scott's *England's Green and Pleasant Land* back, but he begged to keep it another week to read it a second time. If only every countryman would read that book twice!

One group has the following books out on loan at the moment: *The Councillor* (Shelley), *The Responsible Citizen* (Cair), *Parish Councils* (N.C.S.S.), *The A.B.C. of Local Government* (Kent Wright), *The People's Government* (Gibberd), *Your Village and Mine* (Gardiner). Another group is reading a similar lot, with the welcome additions of R. H. S. Crossman's *How Britain is Governed* and Ernest Green's *Education for a New Society*. These two groups are also studying their local registers of electors, which I was able to obtain from the Registration Officer.

I say all this, not because we want publicity—we only want to get on with our job, which is to master our subject and then to use our knowledge to improve "our rural democracy." But it may be that our experience may encourage some of your readers to develop the same sort of thing in other areas. Not that we claim to be unique, for the same kind of work is done in some other districts, where also the organisation of short week-end schools for agricultural workers has been developed successfully. But there is a great need for far more of it, and the time is ripe.

3 Queen Edith's Way, Cambridge. W. P. BAKER

BRITAIN AND GREECE

SIR,—As the issues involved are of some importance, may I explain why your courteous comment on my previous letter does not seem to me to meet my contention?

You complain that Mr. Eden in stressing General Scobie's two specific conditions for ending hostilities in Attica did not pay equal attention to the first clause of the General's terms, "that the forces of E.L.A.S. must carry out his orders as troops placed under his command by the Caserta agreement." You go on to argue that this is tantamount to a demand for unconditional surrender, as General Scobie may order E.L.A.S. to disband or to lay down its arms when it suits him to do so. But Mr. Eden was right. This reminder of the obligations accepted by E.L.A.S. under the Caserta agreement is not entitled to equal attention with the demands for the withdrawal of E.L.A.S. troops from Attica and the disarmament of their supporters in that area. Strictly speaking, this first clause was not one of General Scobie's terms for a cessation of hostilities. It was the authority behind his two specific demands. The E.L.A.S. could have accepted these two essential conditions without making any general unconditional surrender and indeed without acknowledging the authority behind them. General Scobie was not, in fact, ordering the E.L.A.S. to disband or to lay down its arms. That he claimed an authority under which he may hereafter issue such orders, afforded no justification for our friends to continue shooting us in Athens.

By concentrating attention on this first clause of General Scobie's terms, you tacitly admit that his two essential demands were legitimate and ought to have been accepted. Why then did you not urge our friends to accept them?

The letter of your correspondent, Mr. Eric Cook, calls for comment. He assumes that it was consistent with loyal acceptance of the Caserta agreement for E.A.M. to plan a *coup d'état*, but inconsistent for Mr. Churchill to take steps to prevent it. What would Mr. Cook have said if the Right had planned a similar seizure of power and Mr. Churchill had failed to anticipate and frustrate it? Are we descending to the level of the Nazi who, when asked if murder was not wrong, replied, "It depends on who is murdered"? Is a resort to force legitimate if made by the Left and wrong if made by the Right? Liberals and Socialists must not let the strength of their sympathies weaken their hold upon principles. Otherwise we become as gall that has lost its savour.

52A Linden Road, Birmingham, 30. HERBERT G. WOOD

[The E.L.A.S. leaders repeatedly offered to disarm in Athens and withdraw their forces from Attica provided General Scobie would agree simultaneously to disarm, or remove from Attica, the royalist Mountain Brigade and Sacred Battalion which the Caserta Agreement had placed under his orders. This seemed to us to be reasonable, and we urged a settlement on these lines.]—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Secrets of Industry

LEWIS C. ORD

Introduction by SIR GEORGE USHER

How efficient is British industry? Who should own it? Who should run it? And what should be done to make it serve the nation better? The author, who has had a very wide experience of British and American methods, contributes new and revealing information on these topical subjects. The information is of interest to industrialists. It is expressed simply and will give the non-technical reader a revealing and understandable appreciation of industry and some of its secrets. A contribution to the study of the industrial problem from the point of view of the national need.

8s. 6d. *net*

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Eyre & Spottiswoode

Now Ready

The Englishman's Castle
JOHN GLOAG

•

Heptameron
HUBERT PHILLIPS

•

Rhymes Without Reason
MERVYN PEAKE

•

Spy Rocket
WALTER TAYLOR

•

Perdita Finds Herself
JEAN ALISON GRAHAME

Eyre & Spottiswoode

With a preface by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P.

RONALD CARTLAND

by HIS SISTER

Queen: "A worthy biography which everyone who aspires to a political career should study. It is written with affection but with judgment, a deserved tribute to a fine character."
Sunday Times: "This unpretentious record should be widely read and pondered."
First cheap edition. 10/6

Author of "All Change Here"
(11*th Thou.*)

JAMES WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL

NIGHT AND DAY

James Wedgwood Drawbell, the well-known newspaper editor, gives us another best-seller with "*Night and Day*"—an ideal bedside book, packed with stories, sketches, incidents, experiences and reflections. *Illustrated.* 10/6

HUTCHINSON
& Co. (Publishers) Ltd.
Largest of Book Publishers

early spring publications

★

WILLIAM GAUNT
The Aesthetic Adventure

ANDREW YOUNG
A Prospect of Flowers

KURT STECHERT
Thrice Against England

RENÉE PIERRE GOSSET
Algiers, 1942-1943

NEVILLE CARDUS
Ten Composers

W. P. CROZIER
The Fates are Laughing

JONATHAN CAPE

BURKE AND CHURCHILL

SIR,—It is obvious from his oratorical style that the Prime Minister has been, at some period of his life, a close student of that great Conservative Edmund Burke. In the little leisure that is at present vouchsafed him he could hardly do better than to return to the study of that great orator, not to relearn the lessons which he has learnt only too well, but to absorb at least something of the substance, apart from the style, of the orator's political discourses.

"When any community," writes Burke, "is subordinately connected with another, the great danger of the connection is the extreme pride and self-complacency of the superior, which in all matters of controversy will probably decide in its own favour."

And again: "I know it is said that your kindness is only alienated on account of their resistance: and therefore if the colonies surrender at discretion all sort of regard, and even much indulgence, is meant towards them in future. But can those who are partisans for continuing a war to enforce such a surrender be responsible (after all that has passed) for such a future use of a power, if bound by no compacts and restrained by no terror? Will they tell us what they call indulgences? do they not at this instant call the present war with all its horrors a lenient and merciful proceeding?"

Yet again: "Declaiming on rebellion never added a bayonet or a charge of powder to your military force: but *I* am afraid it has been the means of taking up many muskets against you."

28 Guilford Street, W.C.1. PETER EVANS

THE NEW BROOM IN BULGARIA

SIR,—You say that the new Hungarian Government, headed as it is by two of Horthy's generals, "conforms pretty closely" to the pattern set by the U.S.S.R. in Rumania and Bulgaria. In so far as Bulgaria is concerned, may I be allowed to point out the following differences:

The present Bulgarian Government is the Government of the Resistance Movement, known as the Fatherland Front. It came to power on September 9th, 1944, by a revolutionary act, after its Partisan army had entered Sofia and arrested Prince Cyril, the two other Regents and all the Ministers, generals and police officials of the monarchy. There can, therefore, be no question of the present Government inheriting any politicians or generals as a legacy from the old regime. As a matter of fact, all these persons, with no exception, are now being tried by the People's Courts, set up by the Fatherland Front Government. In all, the two Sofia and 46 provincial People's Courts are trying nearly 4,000 Fascist leaders, war criminals, former police officials, Palace Councillors and German agents, including Prince Cyril and his two other Regents, over 60 Ministers, 30 ex-generals and 130 Fascist deputies, as well as all responsible officials of the former police force and the gendarmerie (the anti-Parsian army).

All the present Bulgarian Regents and Ministers, high officials and generals are proved anti-Fascists and known democrats, who have, in the past, waged an uncompromising war against the dictatorial Governments of King Boris. Two of the Ministers were generals in the Bulgarian Partisan army. The commander of the Bulgarian army in the field, now fighting in Croatia and Hungary under Tolbukhin, is General Kozovski, who under the *nom de guerre* of "General Petrov," became famous in the International Brigade in Spain. These men could not have, nor have they, tolerated any representative of the old Fascist regime in their midst.

5, Lancaster Terrace, W.2. MICHAEL PADEV

SCOTTISH RENTS

SIR,—The housing situation in Scotland is as bad, if not worse, than in England. As a newcomer to this area I can testify that the figure of £500 per bedroom mentioned in your editorial comments of January 6th is usually well exceeded. In Scotland, unlike England, flats are offered for sale, and are of course mostly without garden amenities of any kind. Recently in this town, a flat containing two bedrooms, two reception rooms and the usual subsidiary accommodation was sold for £2,320, and it is not uncommon for a three-bedroomed house to be sold for upwards of £3,000. It may be doubted whether the single clause Act as suggested in your comments will meet the situation. There seems to be no reason why those who purchased houses in, say, 1931 at low figures should gain preferentially over those who purchased in 1939. The date of purchase is surely irrelevant where gross profiteering is evident. There is, however, real point in making the 1939 *value* of a property the figure at which it should be sold during the war, regardless of the date at which it was purchased. J. T. RANDALL

Chagford, Lade Braes,
St. Andrews.

THIS ENGLAND

SIR,—I read the "This England" column of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION with considerable pleasure, but I was surprised to see in the issue of December 16th that, according to the *News Chronicle*, "The Rev. Crawford Miller . . . at the Presbytery of Lorn . . . said that the governing superiority of the male must be preserved as a divine institution."

I am happy to note, from the absence of inverted commas, that this ambiguous sentence does not purport to be a quotation from my remarks. But I should like to assert that it is a grotesquely misleading account of the point of view which I put forward.

To mention only one point, in stating the case for the traditional exclusion of women from certain offices in the Christian Church, I was concerned particularly to argue that, as I believe, the exclusion does *not* rest upon, or imply, any theory of the "superiority" of the male. CRAWFORD MILLER

Ste. Agathe, Oban.

FORD MADOX FORD

SIR,—With the help and approval of a member of his family I have undertaken to write a life of the late Ford Madox Ford (Hueffer). I shall be grateful if you will allow me to ask any of your readers who may be willing to supply first-hand information about his career and activities, to write to me at the address given below.

Letters or other documents entrusted to me will be examined and returned to their owners as quickly as possible.

I am particularly anxious to hear from anyone who can throw light on Ford's education in England and abroad. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

Brookside Cottage,
Kingsley, Bordon, Hants.

GEORGE MOORE'S HOUSE

SIR,—It has been pointed out to me that in your paper dated December 30, 1944, there is reference made to this address, i.e., George Moore's house. I should like to say that it is incorrect to say that it is "now a ladies' hat-shop."

This gives quite a wrong impression as the business carried on here is a private millinery business, and not a *hat-shop* where anyone can walk in as they please. From the description in your paper one would expect a shop-front, etc.

I should have thought it would have been more courteous to have asked for an interview from the present occupier, before mentioning this house.

M. M. ROYLE

121, Ebury Street, S.W.1.

CORRECTION

By an error in proof-reading, due to a confusion of dates, Mr. Eric Cook was made to refer, in his letter to us last week, to the terms of the plan laid down at "Teheran," whereas he wrote and meant "Quebec."

THE CASE FOR AFRICAN FREEDOM

by JOYCE CARY

Author of "The Horse's Mouth" etc. With 2 maps. 7s. 6d. *net*

The problems of African poverty, backwardness and ignorance cry out for urgent solution. Here are the elements of a constructive, practical, and progressive plan, set out by an acknowledged expert.

A MAN WITHOUT A MASK

by J. BRONOWSKI

With 5 full-page illust. 8s. 6d. *net*

A new edition of this fine critical study of William Blake as man, writer, and social revolutionary

SECKER & WARBURG

BRITISH SURVEY HANDBOOKS

A series of pocketable books about European countries which give the essential background of each country, some knowledge of the characteristics and customs of its people and reliable information about the effects of the war upon them.

No. 1 Belgium, by John Eppstein
No. 2 Rumania, by C. Kormos
No. 3 Greece, compiled by Kathleen Gibberd

Edited for the British Society of International Understanding by John Eppstein.

3s *net each*

"To read [Belgium and Rumania] is to understand not only the people but their history and their outlook. The series has made an excellent beginning." *Illustrated London News.*

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

A PLANNED ECONOMY OR FREE ENTERPRISE

The Lessons of History

by E. LIPSON

The leading economic historian of the period presents illuminating parallels from England's first planned economy, and shows how familiar problems and familiar errors of policy are always recurring. A brilliant account of the dual trait in the national character, the communal and the individualist, and the implications for to-day. 15s. *net*

ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

Captain X

author of

The Soldier Looks Ahead

(6s. net)

"An inspiring book which should be read by politicians as well as soldiers . . . as enjoyable to read as it is valuable to study."—*New Statesman*

Was reported missing last July in Normandy. It has now been decided that his identity should be revealed. He is

Major W. G. C. Shebbeare

ROUTLEDGE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

From time to time it is suggested that we are about to enter a new Elizabethan Age, and some think we have already done so. There are evident resemblances in the environments of that time and our own; the first flights over the great oceans and across the Poles have a superficial right of comparison with the voyages of Columbus, Magellan and the search for the North-West Passage. But when we turn to the Elizabethans themselves how small, at first sight, is the bond of similar experience. We know them well; we understand them not at all.

"Study their portraits," says Mr. Milton Waldman in a new study of Elizabeth and Leicester.* They are more remarkable, he says, for what they do not show than for what they do. There is no *arrière pensée*: "the surface seems to register all there is." I think that is a general conclusion. We look at the Elizabethan portraits, and we are always checked and defeated. Those glassy faces do not speak to us. Those people might be Italians, Spaniards, French—not English men and women. They stare back at us hard-eyed soulless and confectioned, like the delicate, reptile faces of peacocks on a terrace. There is monotony in the alien family likeness. The plucked eyebrows, the skin enamelled by cosmetics, the oval chins, the lips set by design and uninflected by any whisper of nature, the eyes as still as jewels in the head—all connive to make a mask. We turn over the page wondering if we are simply the victims of a fashion in portrait painting, or if we have, in fact, as little in common with these ancestors of ours as we have with the painted Pharaohs in their tombs. The artifice, the splendour, the surface of these people are impenetrable; and we cannot conceive a countenance so replete with will, which shines like a hard light upon what is outside itself, and, as Mr. Milton Waldman says, throws none of that light, in doubt or curiosity, upon what is within.

The silence of their portraits, Mr. Waldman goes on to say, in a passage which seems to me far too sweeping, is repeated in the personal silence of their literature: "Their essays and their more reflective poetry, like their drama, stress man's relations with the outer world rather than his relations with himself inside himself." The tragedies of Shakespeare, Marlowe's *Faust*, hardly support that statement; it ought to be modified to read that the Elizabethans were overwhelmingly bent on action and the pride of the mind. Here, many times, from Ralegh to Shakespeare, they recorded "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame." They were not incurious about themselves, but their curiosity was concentrated upon the field of their dominant passion: the pursuit of Greatness or Fortune and the sense of failure, emptiness, sickness that follows success, the aftermath of action. If this is an unrevealing field, as we nowadays count revelation, if this tells us more about the will than it tells us of the soul, it is because the Elizabethans had staked all of their life upon a single purpose with extraordinary and excluding passion.

Look again at the pride, the boldness, the signal to beware, in those portraits. Where else have we seen such an arrogance? In the hard faces of the new rich. Here is a clue; but I remember that Mr. A. L. Rowse warned us in one of his essays against putting too much stress on the *arrivisme* of the Elizabethans. They meant to arrive. They had arrived. They had arrived as a small group of ruling families bursting with the political plunder of the Reformation and the effrontery of the Renaissance. But they embodied more than the personal grasp of Fortune. They had stepped, with the rest of Western Europe, into the possession of a world which was many times the size of the world of their grandfathers. The globe had expanded. Their minds had forced the expansion. Marlowe's Dr. Faustus perfectly expresses their pretension. A campaign of the intellect had, for the moment, broken with the past, and, combined with the forces in society, had created a new kind of man. It was for later generations to learn what mutilations of human nature had been inflicted by this triumph of the individual will. Such a triumph of the brain could not be kind to the private soul. The glory of the Elizabethans rises from the ruins of the medieval personality; and perhaps that impervious electric glare of the Elizabethan face is the mask of people who know that, in the interest of their major passion, they have destroyed whole areas of personal life or have turned their backs upon its fertile confusion.

The most suggestive pages of Mr. Milton Waldman's book are in his opening tour of the Elizabethan panorama. He has gone to the proper sources. He packs his sentences with information, pictures and arguments, and some of them break under the load; he is a copious, lively writer, very readable, rather clumsy and without much style. These opening pages set the subject on its feet. They show a grasp of the elements of Elizabethan life and a good notion of the economic forces which thrust and struggled inside it. To the Continental observer the Elizabethans seemed to be a people living far beyond their means, out for all the new foreign luxuries, and determined not to work for them; unlike the industrious French or frugal Dutch; most like their enemy, the idle and fantastic Spaniard. The Elizabethans were living through the boom of the rise of capitalism. For the first time, ordinary people made money—and not by usury but by capitalist enterprise:

> (The English) economy was still predominantly insular and self-sufficient. It presupposed a domestic production of all the common necessities broad enough in quantity and low enough in price both to supply and protect the home market. Since the kingdom possessed no investments nor performed any services to speak of abroad, its luxuries, few of which were indigenous, had to be paid for out of its native "abundance of nessaries," with the result that the necessaries tended to rise in price, the abundance to diminish and the country to become more and more dependent on its foreign trade. This, in fact, had already begun to happen. The conflict had already set in between the economy of goods and an economy of money, between the conception of a tight little kingdom and a maritime empire—the rival conceptions of which William Cecil and the Earl of Leicester evolved into respective champions.

And England hated Leicester. There were obvious reasons for hating him. He was hated because he was the Favourite. The country was simply jealous. They hated him because he wished to marry the Queen. They hated him because, it was supposed, he checked the desired marriage and assured succession. They hated his greed and his great power.

> For him the great majority of his countrymen cherished a hatred often as startling in its intensity as their love for her. In part the one emotion explained the other, the love expressing itself in a natural jealousy, distrust and resentment of the influence he wielded over her and the unparalleled power and wealth he had amassed through her favour. But there was another and profounder cause. It was an age of grandeur which spontaneously accorded him the nickname of *Le Grand Esquire* or simply *Monsieur le Grand*: an age of adventure of which he was literally the arch-adventurer; an age essentially enigmatic to which he contributed the most perplexing of riddles. It thus saw itself reflected in him, and not altogether liking what it saw, used him as a mirror against which it hurled back its dislike. The sinister designs it imputed to him, the thousand crimes and villainies of which it accused him (none of which it ever succeeded in proving), were less objective criticisms of his doings than projections of its own unacknowledged impulses. In short, its exaggerated hatred arose largely from the obscure recognition in him of the very qualities in itself that made him perhaps the most Elizabethan of Elizabethans.

On Elizabeth herself, Mr. Waldman suggests, Leicester made an impression that was similar in essence but which was stamped not by hatred but by love—though she, too, could hate him:

> There was obvious pride and satisfaction in her explanation to the latest and last of the Spanish Ambassadors that she herself could hardly overthrow him "as he had taken advantage of the authority she had given him to place kinsmen and friends of his in almost every post and principal place in the kingdom."

She stood between the Minister and the lover:

> In accord with her were nearly all the more solid and stable elements in the country—the majority of her Ministers, the gentry and even the merchants fearful of the effect of war upon their trade; indeed, Burghley, whose mastery of the art of "throwing the stone without that the hand be seen" made him the ideal executive of her policy, though he thought she was not circumspect enough. Against her, acknowledging Leicester as their patron, was a disproportionate, a disconcerting, number of the adventurous, the ardent, the young: men like Drake, Ralegh, Grenville, Sidney, the celebrated scientist, wizard and freethinker John Dee. It was a piquant situation. Long ago prudence had preserved her from the first dangerous temptation to throw in her lot with his, cautioning her to wait on events. Now she was again waiting on events, an anxious defender of things as they were, and he was again imploring her to follow the hazardous course. Perhaps when all was said and done, this was his part in her life, to play the tempter to her imagination, representing it, almost being it: unable quite ever to win her over altogether because of the lessons life had taught her, yet holding her by the fascination of the quality in him she cherished all the more for having so sternly to subdue it in herself.

And not merely because of "those lessons from life"; above all, surely, from her immense love of power.

It is a story that never loses its fascination. The crimes and mysteries of their lives, the close whisperings and estrangements of the Favourite and the Queen-Goddess, are designed upon the main plinth of English policy: opposition to the strongest Continental Power, glum good wishes and not much help to our friends when we fear for our security. They are lucky if they are not betrayed. Interests not ideologies! The Queen disliked a people that rose against its rulers; and something, even in English rebels, always agrees with her. The English rebel is born when the ruler gorges upon his people—from Ket's time onwards. There is ideological, imaginative England; there is prudent national England, quarrelling like husband and wife, united in danger, pursuing opposite courses before and after the danger has come to a head. The irony of Leicester's career is that, as a capitalist adventurer, one of the first of the great speculators, he should have leaned more and more to the camp of the merchants and the Puritans, a peacock among the crows. It was by a natural process of the great economic flood which raised the Favourite up that his descendants by the woman Elizabeth hated should fight for Cromwell and against the divinity of kings.

V. S. Pritchett

* *Elizabeth and Leicester*. By Milton Waldman. *Collins*. 12s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS

The Shrimp and the Anemone. By L. P. Hartley. *Putnam*. 8s. 6d.

The Stranger. By Maria Kuncewiczowa. *Hutchinson*. 8s. 6d.

A Bomb and a Girl. By Hugh Shearman. *Faber*. 8s. 6d.

The Twelfth. By J. K. Stanford. *Faber*. 7s. 6d.

Opposite the first page of *The Shrimp and the Anemone*, Mr. Hartley has placed two lines by Emily Brontë: "I've known a hundred kinds of love, *All* made the loved one rue." This is rather a dark epigraph for a book about childhood, and the remarkable dream-like scene with which the book opens is no less disturbing:

> Eustace bent over the pool. His feet sank in its soggy edge, so he drew back, for he must not get them wet. But he could still see the anemone. Its base was fastened to a boulder, just above the water-line. From the middle of the other end, which was below, something stuck out, quivering. It was a shrimp, Eustace decided, and the anemone was eating it, sucking it in. A tumult arose in Eustace's breast. His heart bled for the shrimp, he longed to rescue it; but, on the other hand, how could he bear to rob the anemone of its dinner?

It is soon apparent that the Shrimp symbolises Mr. Hartley's nine-year-old hero, Eustace; and the Anemone is Hilda, Eustace's sister, three and a half years older. On his opening page Mr. Hartley enunciates the theme of what must be one of the best books about childhood ever written. Not every little boy has an elder sister, though nearly all who have must suffer for it, and usually in the same way; so that Mr. Hartley's theme is, at first, a particular one. But it is universal enough—it is, after all, one inevitable part of the story of Orestes and Electra—to reach out and touch anyone who can remember what childhood was like. At the same time it is original, for though the dominating mother is not an uncommon figure in literature, the dominating sister, who sometimes replaces her, has been neglected.

Eustace, trusting, intelligent, affectionate, is continually manoeuvred by his elder sister into feelings of guilt; he is also made to feel that he is in some way responsible for her happiness. This indeed is a common plight of childhood—there is a wonderful speech about a variant of it, in *The Family Reunion*—and if in later life it is forgotten, it is only because the memory of it is not easy to bear. No particular blame attaches to Hilda. It never does. Eustace adores her, and she would give her life for him; but they are victims of a spiritual mechanism beyond their control; and we are left to suppose that eventual control of it is by no means likely, and might even be rejected: "How could he bear to rob the anemone of its dinner?" Mr. Hartley's picture of childhood is, in fact, a microcosm of the adult world, and his implications are tragic ones. He reminds us that the feelings of a child are not less intense, but merely of shorter duration, than those of an adolescent or an adult. And only a courageous writer, very sure of his subject, will allow to childhood, as Mr. Hartley does, its profound depressions and its exhaustions of the spirit. This does not mean that *The Shrimp and the Anemone* is a gloomy book. Its texture and most of its incidents are comic: but it is the comedy of retrospection in which it is so often possible to clothe unhappy events after they are over. At the same time Mr. Hartley makes us see through the comedy to the fact that the residue of such events is not comic—as in the scene where Eustace's father, from a vague sense of duty, engineers a row between himself and his son. The book is lively, beautifully done, and without sentimentality; the whole is lyrical and enchanting. But so, one recalls, was the opening of *Jude the Obscure*.

The Stranger is again the story of a particular situation. Its heroine reaches a depth and permanence of frustration which most people are spared; but she is presented in such a way as to make us realise that her distortion is a possible part of any human make-up. The story takes place on the last day in the life of Rose, an old woman of brilliant, overpowering personality. She is the victim of two early disasters. First, as a child she has been taken from her native Poland and brought up in Russia, so that when she returns to Poland she is virtually an exile in a strange country. Secondly, her first lover has deserted her, and has never been replaced in her heart. Moreover, she has wanted to be a great violinist, and has been thwarted of this by faulty teaching; it is, I believe, the author's intention to suggest that the more fundamental frustrations cause Rose to stress this further tragedy in order to pile Pelion on Ossa. At all events, these things combine to produce in her the feeling which she herself describes as the feeling of having to die without having lived.

Her task, not wholly conscious, is psychological vengeance: the acquisition of "power to exact for every snub, every unfallen beauty, an absolute revenge." The picture of domestic tyranny which Mme Kuncewiczowa creates is very brilliant. Rose is the kind of person, not so very uncommon, who cripples the emotions of a whole family, before whom a family trembles, and who can, with a smile, transform her victims' terror into adoration and gratitude; and we are as much moved as appalled by her. The book consists for the most part of flash-backs to the past, suggested by the various stages of a trivially provoked, and wholly convincing, family "scene." It is a deficiency of the method that it eventually draws too much attention to the means by which it is achieving its effects; and in this instance the early incidents which determine the character of the heroine are presented with no more emphasis than the results. This is not, however, a major fault, and the book is continuously exciting, and remarkably economical; some of its scenes are formidably accomplished—as, for example, those in which Rose disenchants her son with his first fiancée. It is the work of a mature artist, who here appears in English for the first time. The book seems well translated, apart from occasional moments of doubtless insuperable dialogue. It is admirably introduced by Miss Storm Jameson.

The two other books listed above are lighter; much lighter, though one might not guess it from their blurbs. Everything conspires to put one against *A Bomb and a Girl*: its title, the publishers' advertisement, and a poker-faced introduction by the author, which deliberately suggests that the book is a stiffly clinical study of adolescence. It turns out to be a very well-written farce about a University in Northern Ireland; the plot is not of a kind one ought to divulge. Two of the incidents are very funny indeed: the police investigation and the meeting of the Senate. The chapters about the bomb are delightfully ingenious; those about the girl are curiously tasteless. In the final chapter, a week before the outbreak of war, we leave a brilliantly unscrupulous hero entering the Civil Service. I like to fancy him pursuing his ruthless methods of liquidation there.

The Twelfth is a comic variant of *Lady into Fox*. A monstrous old grouse-shooter is transformed into a grouse during an epileptic seizure. He finds himself on a Scottish moor, and in the few days at his disposal lays plans with other birds to defeat some of the best shots in Scotland. He returns from grouse-hood a changed man. The book is entertaining, and even exciting, as it moves to its preposterous climax. I could not help feeling that some of the dialogue might well have been funnier; but it is a good story, and I wish it happened oftener in real life than it does.

HENRY REED

MAX PLOWMAN

Bridge into the Future. Letters of MAX PLOWMAN. *Dakers*. 25s.

In 1917, when Max Plowman was still in the British Army, we find him writing to his friend Hugh de Selincourt to refute his remark that "the basis of friendship is sincerity."

> Not for a moment, Cally. The basis of friendship is surely attraction of all kinds and qualities; but Sincerity—why, that's the very crown of friendship—the last peak to be reached and seldom climbed to the very top. You would not make final things basic, would you? I think sincerity and honesty are the broad strong wings of self-knowledge and experience. You'd never expect them of young things full of untried emotions who have not the least knowledge of their own strength or direction, and hardly know whether they want to fly or not.

This is a very typical passage. Plowman put his thinking into his letters, and though he often made "good remarks," he never made them because they were witty or threw them off in a passing mood. He was as nearly "disinterested" as a man can be, and I have known very few, if any, of equal courage and integrity. He wrote once: "Ideas are terrible things. Once let a live one into one's mind, it either turns a portion of the mind to stone or grows into life and action. At least it never dies, but it either creates the sense of Sin or gives a man wings." Plowman could not stand the sense of sin, and he worried away at his ideas until they became part of his own intensely personal and strongly knotted personality.

His letters, edited by Mrs. Plowman with a pious attention to detail usually reserved for scholarly editions of the rarer classics, begin just before the last war, and show him as a young idealistic writer, who hates the war for just the sort of reasons that all sensitive young men hated the war. Gradually he feels that he must join up, and in course of time he is in France writing home about the disgusting thing he is doing, but sure that there is no decent alternative. First-hand knowledge of what fighting means leads him to doubt, and on leave after hospital he decides finally that he must cease to take part in war. He had the courage to write to his superior officers saying that he had to resign his commission because he had become a pacifist. When the war ended he was still awaiting court-martial.

While he was fighting in France he wrote home to say that after the war he wanted to found a league of people who knew what war was and who would so exploit men's fear of it that it would become impossible. Later he grew out of this simple notion, and gradually formed a positive and individual religion which he expounded in a remarkable book called *The Faith Called Pacifism*. Naturally he became an associate, admirer and lieutenant of Dick Sheppard, and naturally and inevitably he became a clear-headed and caustic critic of the P.P.U., which he was persuaded to try to lead after Sheppard's death. He was not an organiser, however, and he grew impatient with an organisation which was held together by so slender a basis of agreement. He ended his life editing the *Adelphi* and working with a group of others as a farmer. In this last period his most valuable letters were to Middleton Murry with whom he discussed the relation of Marxism to Christianity.

I know of no argument more important or less easily settled. Put in its baldest terms it comes to this. Sensitive and imaginative people of all periods have broadly agreed that men should live as a community of friends. How is this community to be achieved? That it involves a socialist instead of a competitive system is now common ground. The Marxist holds that, given the socialist organisation, the men who compose the society will also necessarily change. The religious man, while often agreeing that our present social system puts a premium on anti-social and aggressive impulses, holds that the change in the individual must precede or at least occur concurrently with the social change. It is possible, he argues, to have a technically socialist organisation that would be as bad as Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*. Pushed to their extremes the one view may lead men to preaching the modern equivalent of individual salvation and the other to justifying any means that looks as if it may increase the chances of political victory for Socialism. Intellectually the problem is not at all insoluble. Quite clearly religion alone does not accomplish much; two thousand years of preaching Christianity has brought it no nearer. Equally clearly to become so anxious for political victory that the weapons used no longer seem important is to run the risk of forgetting the goal which you set out to achieve.

Contrary to current belief, it is perfectly true that the end justifies the means, but the means must be means towards the end in view and not means that are incompatible with it. Theoretically this is easy to say, but the controversy in fact raises all the issues of modern psychology and economics, and men fall into the political or religious camp by virtue of their personal experience and temperament. Max Plowman was by nature a religious man and, like many other religious teachers, he grew to expect little from changes in political organisation and to hope much from individuals and from the common life of small groups. He never became a preacher in the sterile sense, and he grew furious with those who thought that an attempt to abstain from the evil of the world absolved them from responsibility. He was a religious pacifist of the active type who was outraged when pacifism was used as an excuse for passivity, the acceptance of Fascism

or even for trying to make friends with Hitlerism. "Pacifists generally," he wrote, "are rendered absolutely futile by their simple cleavage between peace and war;" and he knew, and said, that Fascism and war were inseparable, and that to defeat war it was also necessary to defeat Fascism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

FOUR POETS

Shells in a Stream. New poems by EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Macmillan*, 5s.
A World Within a War. Poems by HERBERT READ. *Faber*, 6s.
Home Town Elegy. By G. S. FRASER. *Poetry London*, 6s.
The Island. By FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. *Heinemann*, 12s. 6d.

Here are three poets and a versifier. The poets all have something in common and throw a certain illumination on each other. The versifier, Mr. Brett Young, can be compared with Edmund Blunden only to illustrate the difference between this sort of thing:

> There is no heart
> Exiled from England but must feel a start
> Of pride and pleasure when her moon-pale clifts
> Loom through the reek of channel-spray, or rifts
> Of earth-born vapour; nor a soul but yields
> Its paean of thanksgiving when pale fields
> Of flint-bloomed arable or smooth downlands show
> The veiled effulgence of the chalk below.

with Mr. Blunden also describing the English scene:

> How quietly the by-road turns away
> Past the hall gates and their entwined display
> Of honours from old time; but here the pride
> Of dandelions rises, either side,
> With heraldry of newer gloss. The sun
> It seems they stem from. These frank knights have won
> By this year's spring campaign the borders here. . .

In the first quotation Mr. Brett Young strikes as high as anywhere in what his publishers call "veritably an English epic." In the second quotation Blunden is taking a somewhat middling flight. Yet I compare the two passages only to show that there is no comparison. The second is by a poet, the first is by a versifier. For the rest, *The Island* is 450 pages long and goes through the whole of English history.

Edmund Blunden is certainly one of the best poets we have; his great virtues are rather taken for granted, and his development continues without causing much excitement. Yet he is a poet to be grateful for, and he is more passionate and has more variety than the melodious smooth surfaces of his poems would suggest. There are two or three extremely moving poems in this collection—one is called *The Vanishing Land*, and one (*The Winter Walk*) contains the beautiful lines:

> "O heart," I hear you say, and feel
> Your warm hand on my hand,
> "Be peaceful, let the storm of steel
> Rush timely through the land
>
> Without the cohort of your dreams,
> Unless such dreams as bring
> Me to your arms; your lethe-streams
> Will vanish at the spring.
>
> They vanish now; I hear no storm,
> I fear none; you are spring. . ."

After this the consoling vision becomes too conventionally beautiful for me to wish to quote it as an example of the best that he can do. But his work is full of flashes of such deep feeling, and it is sustained by a faith in the experience of beauty which one can believe in, because he does create a melody and a charm of eye which are deeply consoling.

Although I have no doubt that future generations will feel grateful for Blunden's poetry, there is a "but" which a contemporary critic must observe. As a nature poet he lacks something of roughness which would make his nature real: as an artificial pastoral poet he lacks something of intellect which would make the scene he creates the symbol of a whole civilisation. Blunden can be as flat as Hardy, yet his flatness is a deliberate artistic effect: he creates a conscious, artful, highly organised simplicity. One wonders what kind of reality there is to sustain it. There is not the reality of nature or of a philosophy which nature is used to symbolise. Blunden is really far closer to de la Mare than to Hardy, whom he superficially resembles: the inmost core of his writing is a belief in the sustaining force of a beauty derived from literary experience and from nature interpreted through literary experience. His poetry is full of echoes, and his music and imagery are dreamlike. All the same, these poems are amongst the most genuine productions of our time. Mr. Philip Toynbee, who finds it, as an English writer, "humiliating" to look at the titles of French books published since 1940 will perhaps feel less humiliated if he remembers Mr. Blunden's name and achievement.

In reviewing Mr. Herbert Read I am conscious of two worlds warring within his breast, and I am tempted to take sides in this struggle. One of these worlds is very close to Edmund Blunden. There is much in Mr. Read of the quiet observer of nature who relates his experience of the mill-stream and the "wild-bird's voice" to his books. After reading Blunden, much of *A World Within a War* reads like notes for a Blunden poem:

> Hedges are trimmed again and primroses
> Bunch in splendour on the open banks.
> The sparring rooks pick twigs
> For shockhead nests built high
> In the dark tracery of the trees.
> April and the nightingales will come
> From an alien world. The squirrels
> Chatter in the green hazel-trees.
> The nut-hatch inspects the oak's ribbed bark
> While the robin jumps round his own domain.

One may think that this would lose nothing and gain much by being woven into an elaborate pattern of metre and rhyme. It would gain, because *vers libre* seems to put too much strain on Mr. Read's verbal sense, which is always liable to relapse into phrases like "dark tracery" which seem over-familiar in their rather bare and original surroundings. Probably this volume of Mr. Read's is a transitional one in which he is turning to rhyme and music, and also to the integrity of his "innocent eye." There are certainly things of beauty in it: notably the poems of the Spanish War, *The Third*, *Summer Rain* and *The Labyrinth*. One of the curious limitations of Mr. Read is that he cannot think and argue in poetry. What he can do is observe and illustrate. The poems in which he is dispassionately observing nature or illustrating an idea or a feeling are successful. Where he tries to sustain an argument he fails and is reduced to what appear to be lapses into a mystical faith in beauty:

> The sun
> has a hot dry breath

seems to be the summary of one argument. And another ends:

> Poetry a pennon
> rippling above
> in the fabulous wind,

whilst the conscript of 1940 is told

> to fight without hope is to fight with grace,
> the self reconstructed, the false heart repaired.

If Mr. Read believes that the realisation of the intrinsic nature of the self and of nature and of poetic beauty is the answer to destruction, it is not quite easy to see why he often argues so ideologically. I can't see how, if one holds that the answer to Hitler and capitalism, etc., is the sun, the inner self and "poetry like a pennon," one should ever want to argue with them or be anything except what one is or seek anything except to enter into the nature of things as they are. Here I think there is something

GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

Fully Illustrated

places before you a picture of the World as it is to-day, as it was yesterday, as it may be expected to develop.

What Readers write:

"Wishing a long existence to an educative, interesting and beautifully illustrated Magazine that you are sending each month with clockwork regularity."

"For a long time I subscribed to your American 'opposite number,' but I am glad we are to continue having a BRITISH Geographical."

"Your volumes are among my proudest possessions."

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION 18/- Post Free

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, Ltd., 42, William IV St., London, W.C.2

"Why I read The Yorkshire Post"

"I like its sincerity, honesty, and sense of fair play. Take politics. While upholding its own viewpoint, it is also fair to others. Take finance. You'll always find full reports of local trade meetings, not summaries. And in post-war matters its realistic outlook helps a plain man like me to understand what our post-war tasks and opportunities are really likely to be."

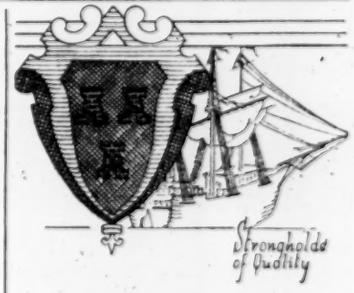
The Yorkshire Post
Voice of the North

THE HEALTH EDUCATION JOURNAL

Contents of January issue

OUR DENTAL HEALTH
THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY AND SLUM HOUSING
MAN'S ONLY SERIOUS COMPETITORS
OBITUARY: DR. WILLIAM TEMPLE
THE DOCTRINE OF DEVELOPMENT IN CHILD CARE
SLEEP AND RELAXATION
ANIMAL PARASITES
THE SECURITY OF THE CHILD
SEX EDUCATION AND SOCIAL BIOLOGY
FILM NOTES BOOK REVIEWS

Price (post free) 1/7 per copy; 6/- per annum, from The Medical Adviser and Secretary (Dept. N.S), THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1



WILLS'S "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

20 for 2'8

W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. I.T. 2168W

unresolved in Mr. Read's philosophy. These poems seem to have emphasised this problem, and I should expect his next volume to be very different from this one.

G. S. Fraser is certainly a poet of great promise, capable of striking lines and images. To read a great many of his poems is to admire half a dozen of them, disagree with a dozen more and have a very odd impression of Mr. Fraser's own personality. The poems which are good give a curious impression of being "pure" poetry, which is surprising because this is exactly what the other poems, loquacious and argumentative, aren't. (I should hasten now to say that this volume is well worth buying.) Mr. Fraser can write as well as this, quite often:

God in heaven, I hear, in the old days
Was sent to proclaim the punishment of our ways
And his son was sent among us to gather our guilt,
And on that one tree, the blood of the world was spilt,
And now there is no God, and who can forgive us, unless
We accord to each other mutual forgiveness?

In others of his poems Mr. Fraser has a somewhat intriguing habit of writing epistles to his friends which are either (as in the case of *A Letter to Nicholas Moore*) entirely about himself or else (*A Letter to Ann Ridler*) extremely frank criticism. Sometimes Mr. Fraser is more wrong than can, I should think, even be permitted to a poet. For example, the last stanza of *Elegy for Freud and Yeats* ends with the observation that both

Ignored the gathering general doom,
Whose belated thunders burst
Over either honoured tomb.

It seems remarkably careless to write about Freud and Yeats without ever having read *Civilization, War and Death*, by the one, or *The Second Coming* by the other. The strength of this book depends largely upon what one thinks of the author's personality, which is the subject of many of his poems: however, he has not yet succeeded in creating himself as a character convincingly. Meanwhile, though, there are lines, stanzas and two or three translations to be grateful for.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THURBER'S APPALLING WORLD

Men, Women and Dogs. A book of drawings by JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s 6d.

This is a war book, but the war in it started long before Hitler invaded Poland. Here are a few communiqués from the older front, each representing a spearhead thrust or a pincers' movement:

Well, *don't* come and look at the rainbow, you big ape!

What do you want to be inscrutable *for*, Marcia?

Of course he's terribly nervous, but I'm sure he meant it as a pass at me.

I love the idea of there being two sexes, don't you?

I thought you'd enjoy Miss Perrish, darling. She has a constant ringing in *her* ears, too.

I do love you. I just don't feel like talking military tactics with you.

Well, I'm disenchanted, too. We're all disenchanted.

You're not my patient, you're my meat, Mrs. Quist!

Deadly, you would think, this strife between male and female, yet both in their innocence seem to survive. The sack-like women, sometimes with a lunatic gleam, the baggy and undersized men, face one another at parties and on sofas, in the lamplight, across the gulf between single beds. Their terrible outspokenness disturbs—one notes a raised eyebrow or an exasperated stare—but rarely kills. "Bang! bang! bang!" says the husband, sitting up in bed and levelling a finger at his wife; the glazed smile seems hardly playful; a clock-hand points to four; half a lifetime has prepared the way for this moment, and another half will follow it; but the man has spoken. Occasionally there are scenes in which murder is not far off. In one, as they (the eternal couple) occupy adjacent chairs, the woman leans forward with a questioning look: the man sits with folded hands, wearing gloves. "But why . . ." her attitude seems to exclaim; and he, goaded, replies: "I'm wearing gloves because I don't want to leave any fingerprints around." That seems final. But he shows no sign of attacking; on the contrary he looks—from the tactical point of view—well dug in. Perhaps he will go to bed in gloves; he may not leave off gloves for years and years. It may have been only a threat that needs watching.

After these individual skirmishes, and some hand-book examples of "the masculine approach," we reach the seventeen large battlepieces called "The War Between Men and Women." Here the sexes have split up and fight a series of pitched battles which end in the women surrendering. Equivocal surrender! The terms of the peace that follows can be guessed from what we have learnt already.

There is no need to remind Thurber fans that his revelation of the conflict that killed Agamemnon and drove Strindberg mad is everywhere wildly funny. *Men, Women and Dogs* contains hundreds of his best drawings selected from the work of ten years. Where the dogs come in, I'm not sure. There aren't very many of them and they seem mostly to be the same dog. They are more reflective perhaps than they look. Often enough, one may feel, they are sniffing up the wrong tree, but their one recorded thought has a beautiful ambiguity. "There," says the Thurber dog, of a human family prancing by, "go the most intelligent of all animals."

G. W. STONIER

Week-end Competition

No. 780

Set by William Dixon

The usual prizes are offered for the best paragraph of not more than 250 words reproducing Dr. Johnson's opinion of "The Waste Land," assuming that the doctor has included Mr. T. S. Eliot in his *Lives of the Poets*.

Entries should reach this office not later than January 23rd.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 777

Set by Raymond Mortimer

The usual prizes are offered for the best set of three clerihews about characters in Miss Austen Balzac, Dickens, Henry James and Proust.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Miss Austen was the most popular, and then Dickens; Proust, Balzac and Henry James far behind, as was to be expected; and the verses in French were more numerous than distinguished. Two of the best living clerihewers, Nicolas Bentley and Hardy Amies, disappointed me by not competing. The prizes must be divided between F. C. C., L. E. J., W. H. G. Price, Allan M. Laing, G. de V. and Ape. I append a selection from a prodigious number of entries.

Jane Austen

It is both useless and exhaustin'
To write about the people in Jane Austen.
How can I describe my dearest friends
In four uneven lines with rhymed ends?

A family friend I *know* he must have been
His letters to my great great-aunt I happen not to have seen,
Brief, shrewd, downright, and signed politely
Your obdt. servant Wm. Knightley.

Relieve Painful Muscles

You can't do much while you've a stiff painful neck—but you can take a couple of Phensic tablets. There's no better way of getting rid of the pain. This applies to other nerve or muscular pains: neuritis, neuralgia, backache, sciatica, lumbago, rheumatic pain. Phensic seems to create fresh energy after calming touchy irritable nerves. You should try it! Two sizes: 1/4 & 3/3 including Purchase Tax. Two tablets bring magic relief!

Phensic
The grand tonic pain-relieving tablet!

30/-

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND has declared, for the 5 years, 1939-43, a reversionary bonus of 30/- per cent. per annum compound.

Add distinction to your bundle of life policies by including at least one bearing "the hall mark of sterling quality in mutual life assurance."

Write to the Secretary
SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND
Head Office:
9, St. Andrew Square
Edinburgh, 2

Health tip!

COOLTIPT

the cigarette* with the natural filter—cotton wool—which absorbs *all* the dust as well as the heat and nicotine.

ABDULLA
COOLTIPT
20 for 2/4
* For 'Virginia' Smokers

LEARN A NEW LANGUAGE BY LINGUAPHONE

First you listen, then you find yourself speaking

Post this Coupon for the Free Book which tells you about Linguaphone. You just listen to the voices of expert native teachers on your gramophone and follow in the key book the printed words. Very soon you begin talking, reading and writing fluently.

Courses in French, German, Russian and 18 other languages.

(Dept. A/20)
Name .....
Address .....
.....
To the Linguaphone Institute (Dept. A/20), Linguaphone House, 207, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Please send me, post free, your 26-page book about the quick, new, and easy Linguaphone way of learning languages.
I am interested in the ..... language(s)

Dickens

Sam and Mr. Pickwick have surely both gone
To the same Heaven as Sancho and his Don:
Meeting in the evening cool
Lear and his fool. F. C. C.

I

Had Schmuck
Been put into a book
To-day,
Honoré de Balzac would have been déshonoré.

II

John Dashwood,
Persuaded that more cash would
Be pleasant
Sent his Mother and Sisters a pheasant.

That a clergyman
Should be a Lady-Catherine-de-Bourghy man
Seems odd
In a Man of God.

Nothing could alter
The conviction of Sir Walter
That Life, Literature, Art
Is summed up in one word: "Bart." L. E. J.

While Aristos in the guillotine were fitted
Madame Defarge knitted.
And I'll bet the callous bitch
Never dropped a stitch.

Say what you like
About the education of Smike
He couldn't have been more soundly beaten
At Harrow or Eton.

Bob Cratchit
Should have taken a hatchet
And precipitated Scrooge's parley
With Marley. W. H. G. PRICE

RAPHAEL ("La Peau de Chagrin")
M. le Marquis Raphael de Valentin
N'avait qu'un petit chagrin:
C'est cela, en effet,
Qui l'a tué.

URIAH HEEP ("David Copperfield")
Uriah Heep
Soon mastered the creep;
Then he began to learn all
About the crawl.

MR. MUDGE ("In the Cage")
Mr. Mudge
Gave his young lady a nudge
And interrupted her dreams
With chocolate creams.
ALLAN M. LAING

Squeers, we feel,
Would not, like Mr. Neill,
Place a scholastic notification
On the back of the "N.S. & Nation."

Mrs. Norris, I feel certain,
Made good use of that offending curtain.
She always showed economy
Rather than *bonhomie*.

Fanny Price
Was—well—quite nice.
Edmund was rather a bore.
It was a successful marriage, I'm sure.
G. de V.

The sins of the Prince and Charlotte
Were as scarlet
But Maggie and her Pop
Knew where to stop.

Milly had money and red hair,
Kate had S.A. and savoir faire,
But each of them muffed her adventure
With Densher. APE
(Name and address, please)

Mrs. Bennet's
Two firmest tenets
Were Matrimony
And Patrimony. I. C. SAUL

Sam Weller
Was a very fine feller;
But I almost think I'd rather
Have known his father.

La *Cousine Bette*
N'était pas une grisette;
Mais, pour dire vrai,
Elle était, tant soit peu, une mijaurée.
WILLIAM BLISS

So far as appearances went
Mr. Elliot seemed quite the gent.
But Anne Elliot, unravelling
His reputation, *had* heard hints of Sunday travelling.
ERIC FRYER

Wegg reading "The Decline and Fall"
Doesn't surprise us at all
We've made the same kind of mistake
With "Finnegans Wake."
GRANVILLE GARLEY

Sir Leicester Dedlock
Had a step-daughter born out of wedlock—
An embarrassing relation
For one in his exalted station.
R. J. P. HEWISON

Steerforth with his curls
Was most attractive to girls,
But could ever woman have wanted to sleep
With Uriah Heep? WILLY TADPOLE

I am much afraid
That the Baron Palamède
Is hardly the one
For good, clean fun.

Albertine
Had to be seen
But not (to say it I'm grieved)
To be believed. J. M. CAMERON

God forbid
That what Katy did
Should have anything to do
With what Maisie knew. RONALD MASON

Bill Sikes
Had his likes and dislikes,
And sometimes he couldn't fancy
Nancy. PETER CHAMBERLAIN

Squeers
Was untroubled by fears
That egos were dished
When backsides were swished.
DOUGLAS HAWSON

Odette
Wasn't easy to forget;
Swann successively saw, pursued, worshipped,
doubted and harried her—
Then married her. JOAN MAIR

Chad
(The cad)
Said: "Well, you can't blame me,
Mamie."

When Barkis went a-wooin'
He never thought of cooin'
Nor yet of billin'
He was just willin'.
GLADYS G. WESTMORE

Messrs. Bingley and D'Arcy
Are so awfully classy
I can't stick 'em
And prefer Mr. Wickham.
STANLEY FRENCH

Emma's father would rather
Your meal went no farther
Than slops.
No Chops! L. MARSHALL JONES

Miss Florence
Heard with abhorrence
That the second Mrs. Dombey
Had tombé. M. W. PALMER

Poets' wives...

To Hazlitt, you remember, the wives of most poets of his acquaintance appeared as mere pieces of furniture. Poets now should count themselves lucky in this respect, for we at Heal's have been able to make precious little of any other furniture for them since the war began. To those of sense and sensibility, less fortunate in their household possessions, we recommend an inspection of our well-chosen collection of antiques—fine furniture of Hazlitt's period and before.

HEAL'S

196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1

KNOCK 'H' OUT OF SHAVING

1½D

INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX

Ever counted what you spend on razor blades in a year? Well, here's a way to cut it down. Buy Laurel blades—1½d. each including purchase tax. They'll last at least as long as any blade you can buy, and they'll give a smooth, easy shave for a long, long time. No better blade comes out of Sheffield, the 'home of the cutting edge.'

LAUREL

The Good-tempered Sheffield Blade

Made by George Lawrence Ltd., of Sheffield

WHAT WOULD YOU NOT GIVE...

A Northern Ireland War Medallist

...to help these men to save life? The war has increased their work nearly four-fold. Send a contribution, however small, as your share in this great work.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.

The Earl of Harrowby, Hon. Treasurer
Lt.-Col. C. R. Satterthwaite, O.B.E., Secretary

INTERESTING PEOPLE

are those familiar with the great English novels, essays, poems and plays. Such reading gives lasting pleasure, promotes conversational abilities and sound thinking. The new L.S.J. Course has been written by L. A. G. Strong, the famous author and broadcaster. Other courses in Journalism, Story Writing, Poetry, Radio, etc. Reduced fees. Free Book from Prospectus Office, London School of Journalism, 57 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

TRINIDAD

THE Island of Trinidad was discovered by Columbus in 1498 and is said to have been named by him after the three conspicuous peaks, now known as "The Three Sisters". Trinidad first became British territory in 1797, during the Napoleonic Wars. It is famous for its Pitch Lake from which Sir Walter Raleigh caulked his ships in 1595.

Sugar, cocoa and other tropical products are exported and in recent times the development of the petroleum industry has greatly increased the wealth of the Island. Its population exceeds 500,000 and the average annual value of its external trade for the years 1935-39 was over £12,000,000.

The first branch of the Bank in Trinidad was opened in Port of Spain in 1837, followed later by a branch at San Fernando in the oilfields district on the South-West Coast. Those concerned with trade in the West Indies, Africa or the Mediterranean are invited to communicate with:—

D.C.O.

Barclays Bank
(Dominion, Colonial & Overseas)
London, E.C.3